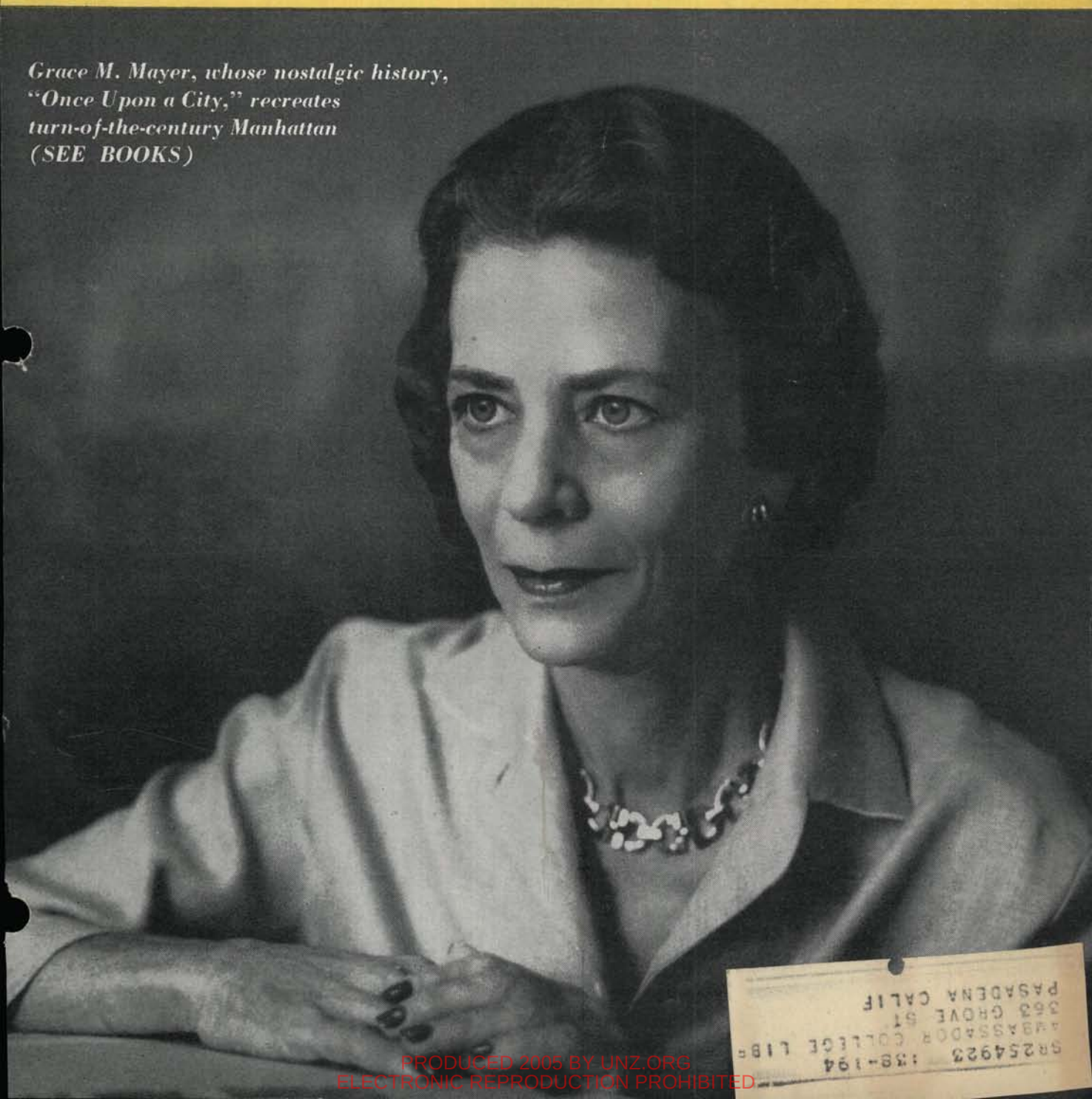
# Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 20, 1958 / 25¢

## THE ARTIST IN A WORLD OF SCIENCE by Pearl S. Buck

## MYTH OF THE FOURTH HORSEMAN by Herbert Hoover



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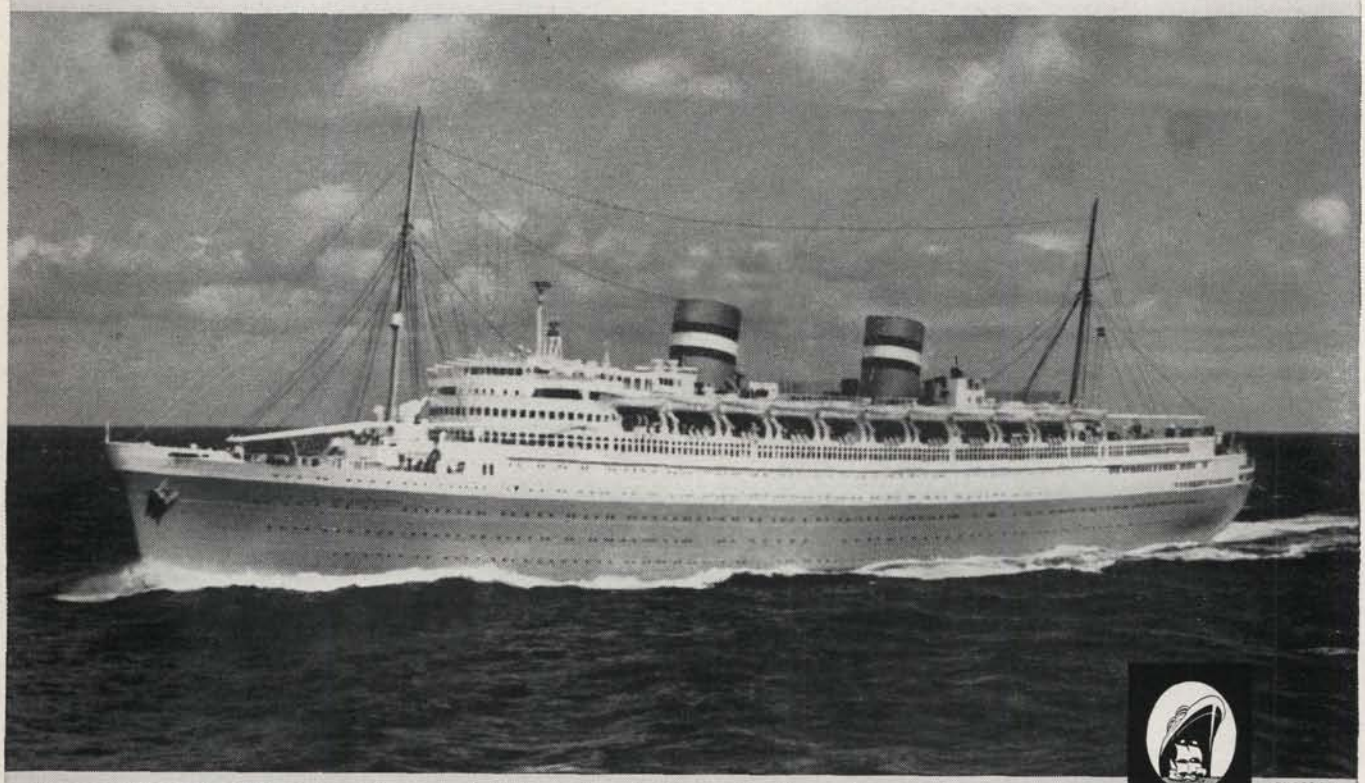

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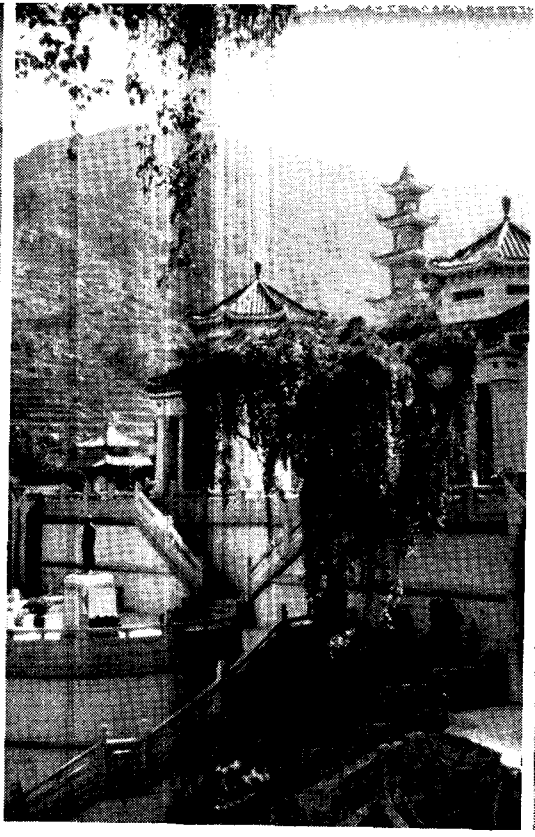

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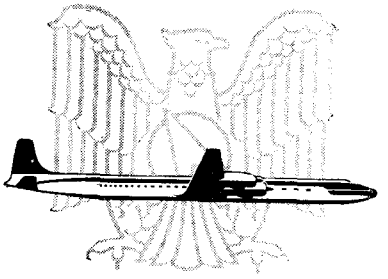

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# *Saturday Review*

SEPTEMBER 20, 1958

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**SR/IDEAS**


15 The Artist in a World of Science, by Pearl S. Buck
17 Myth of the Fourth Horseman, by Herbert Hoover
28 Reflections on the Brink: An Editorial


**SR/BOOKS**


18 Literary Horizons
20 Once Upon a City, by Grace M. Mayer
21 Stride Toward Freedom: The Montgomery Story, by Martin Luther King
22 Gramercy Park, by Gladys Brooks
23 Chronicle of a Generation, by Raymond B. Fosdick
24 The Evolution of Political Thought, by C. Northcote Parkinson
24 Is the Monarchy Perfect? by Lord Altrincham and Others
26 The Day on Fire, by James Ramsey Ullman
26 Plowshare in Heaven, by Jesse Stuart
27 The Cautious Heart, by William Sansom
37 The Twice Born, by G. Norris Carstairs
38 The Rediscovery of Man, by Waldo Frank
39 Alone at Sea, by Hannes Lindemann
40 Abandon Ship! by Richard F. Newcomb


**SR/DEPARTMENTS**


6 The Phoenix Nest
10 Trade Winds
29 Letters to the Editor
30 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight reviews one from India, two from Britain
30 Literary Crypt
31 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes reports from Stratford-on-Avon
32 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin discusses Jerome Robbins
34 TV and Radio: Gilbert Seldes outlines course for viewer action
34 Literary I. Q.
35 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton tours New England
41 Books for Young People
47 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1278



SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 38, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Vol XLI, No. 38, September 20, 1958. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952 at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature."


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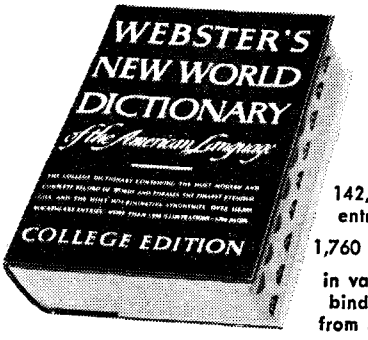


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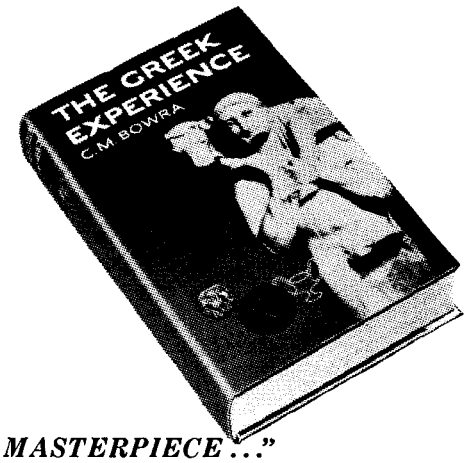


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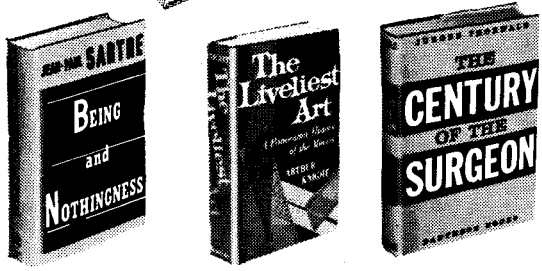


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### Birds of Passage

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OH A wonderful land is Grand Opera Land
Where song is the language that's local.
Though the natives be glad or depressingly sad
They're always incessantly vocal.
To tunes by Rossini, Mascagni, Puccini,
The inhabitants noble or yokel
Sing gaily or sadly and frequently badly,
But they're all irrepressibly vocal.

These curious folk of Grand Opera Land
Live lives filled with terror and passion
Although frequent their quarrels and doubtful their morals
They warble away in their fashion.
If the scene be of Pogner or Tristan (by Wagner),
Or if Gilda abruptly should cash in,
(By that famed hurdy-gurdy composer, G. Verdi)
They continue to sing in their fashion.

In that fabulous region called Grand Opera Land
There is never a moment of quiet.
To the lilt of a song they go gaily along
With adultery, murder, and riot.
Marguerita her newly born infant babe smothers;
The Walsungs, alas, marry sisters to brothers;
Poor Lucia's afflicted with violent psychoses;
Violetta's the victim of tuberculosis;
Melisande's existence is heavy with gloom;
Aïda is buried alive in a tomb;
Poor Butterfly learns Yankee sailors won't marry,
So she bursts into song and commits hari-kari;
Bold Don Giovanni rapes various and sundry;
And even chaste Parsifal makes passes at Kundry.
But I'm sure that the tabloids must think it quite grand
In that glamorous, clamorous Grand Opera Land.

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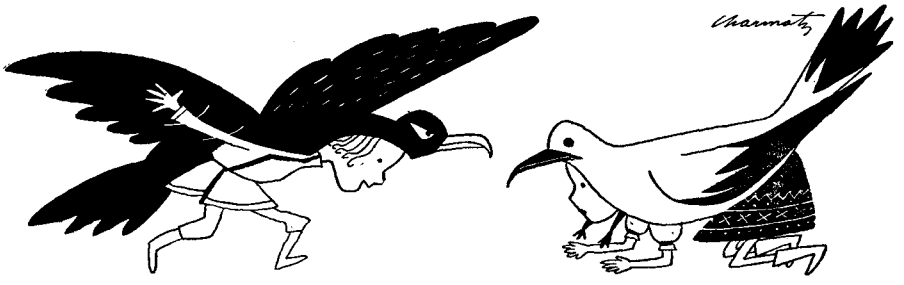
• • •

THE SEA GULL AND THE FALCON

WHEN I was sixteen I was a Falcon. Many boys of my pre-revolutionary generation in the vast incongruity called Russia were Falcons. The girls were Sea Gulls but the boys were Falcons. Gorky and Chekhov were responsible.

Gorky had written a poem about a Falcon, a bird of courage and daring that soared up high into the sky to get close to the sun. Its wings were burned and it fell in a helpless heap, bleeding and losing its feathers, on the slope of a mountain near a guttersnipe. At once the dying Falcon began to tell the guttersnipe about the exhilarating joy of its flight toward the sun but the miserable creature understood nothing. "Who wants to see the sun?" it questioned. "What is so unusual about it? It is nice and damp and pleasant here where I am, in the crevice of the mountain."

The Falcon, undaunted, continued to sing paeans to his wondrous exploit. "I was near the sun!" he cried. "O, the glory of those who dare to reach out for the unknown and forbidden." This it repeated several times and died. But the mind of the guttersnipe was poisoned. It began to doubt the world around and ask questions. "There must be something about the sun," the guttersnipe thought. "No creature would be so stupid as to sacrifice its life for some-



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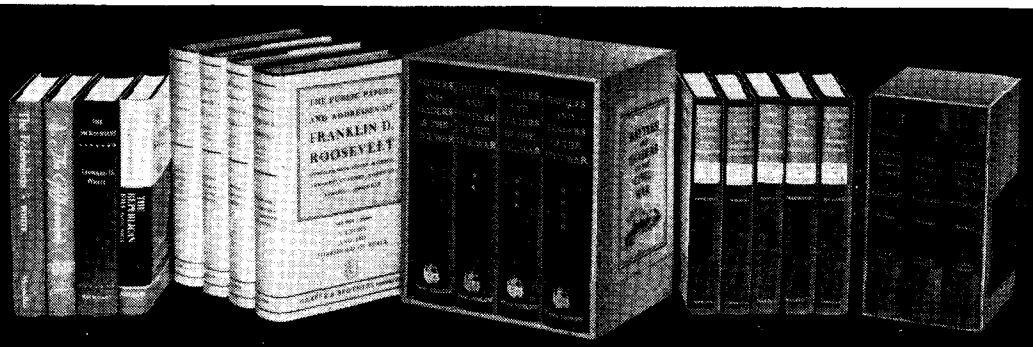

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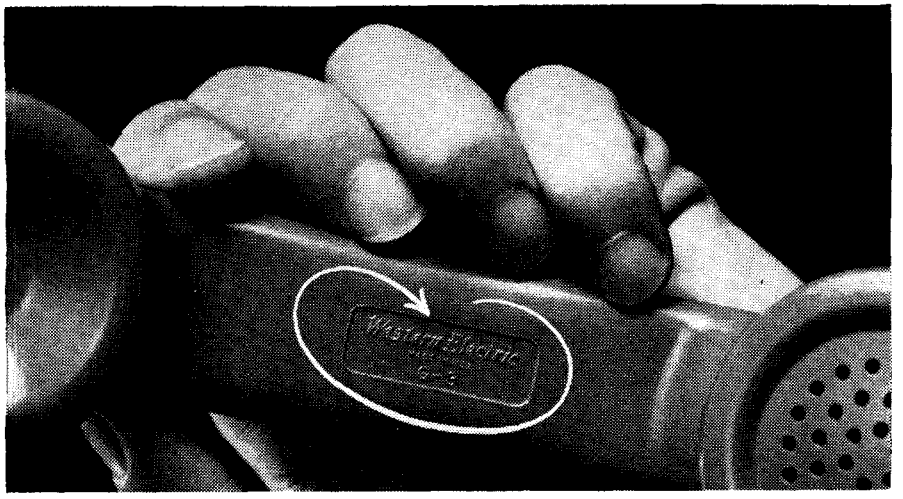

**WESTERN ELECTRIC** means efficiency, quality and long life in telephone equipment. All are reflected in the speed, clarity and dependability of your telephone service.

# Those Two Important Words on Your Telephone

Western Electric is the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System. Its specialized abilities in these fields and the efficiencies and economies of centralized operation have proved of great value over many years.

There's a distinct advantage for telephone users in the fact that Western Electric works for the most part only for the Bell System, and for the U. S. Government when called upon.

Because defense and telephone service are so vital, Western Electric must manufacture for the utmost in dependability and long life without compromise anywhere along the line.

The repeater units in the new underseas cables are one example of how Western Electric must build for long, trouble-free service.

A further advantage is the way research and manufacturing are tied together. Being a part of the Bell System, Western Electric can work closely with the Bell Telephone Laboratories and the local telephone companies.

Western Electric must be ready at all times to produce 200,000 kinds of apparatus and component parts for telephone equipment. It also purchases for the Bell System, distributes supplies, and installs central office equipment.

Western Electric maintains thirty-two warehouses strategically located throughout the country. You have seen dramatic evidence of the benefits of this arrangement in fire, flood, hurricane and other emergencies. They are important also in plans for national defense.

There are great values in the Western Electric setup. No other way would work out half so well for telephone users and the nation.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

thing that is nothing. I'll crawl out of my crevice and take a good jump."

The guttersnipe crawled up to the top of the mountain, coiled itself up and leaped into the air, only to land back, unhurt but amused at its own folly. For, as Gorky had put it, those who were born to crawl could not fly.

Naturally, I was a Falcon. Who at the age of sixteen would want to crawl? I wanted to soar in the region above, to reach out for the sun, to defy the world. I had dreams of glory, Russian glory, of course. Sometimes I was a great conspirator blowing up the carriage in which the Czar rode, and sometimes I was a great writer dying of tuberculosis.

The girls were different. They were Sea Gulls. Not scavengers but sad and melancholy birds; Chekhov would never father a scavenger! They were Ninas, lonely, sorrowful, misunderstood, and disenchanted. They looked at the world with tearful eyes, spoke to it in trembling voices and aspired to a luckless career on the stage. Neither we the Falcons nor they the Sea Gulls realized that both birds, Chekhov's and Gorky's were dead birds: one killed by exposure to the sun, the other by exposure to a hunter's rifle.

My first true love was a Sea Gull. She was a *gymnazistka,* a high school student, the daughter, however, of a guttersnipe who occupied a high position in the government of our province. We met clandestinely for I did not approve of her father. Our meeting place was on the outskirts of our town, beyond the ruins of the ancient Kremlin, in the little park near an old decrepit church with a hauntingly lovely name: "The Church of Our Lady of the Snows."

My Nina's cheeks were somewhat too rosy and her figure too salubrious for a bird of a Chekhovian feather, and her name, unfortunately, was not Nina but Varya. Occasionally we held hands and kissed but most of the time we held hands and read poems to each other, I the Falcon—of defiance and insurgence, she the Sea Gull—of anguish and sorrow.

She had no objection to my blowing up the Czar's carriage but she implored me not to die of tuberculosis. I had no objection to her becoming a disillusioned actress but I implored her never to go out into the street to sell her body. We were extremely happy.

But happiness, both human and ornithic, does not endure. Our bliss lasted only one year. Then the Revolution came, and all the Falcons and Sea Gulls became guinea pigs.

—M. K. Argus.

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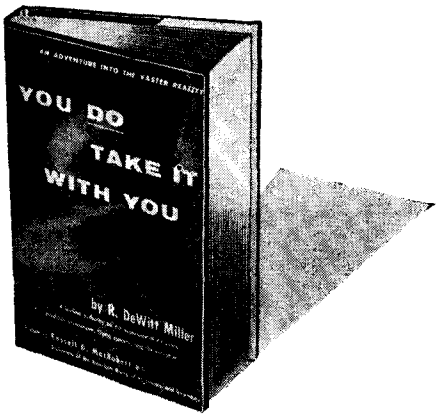


# "You will never be more dead than you are right now!"

**R. DeWitt Miller—one of the world's foremost authorities on psychic phenomena—releases the results of 25 years of exploration into the unknown. Modern-day evidence now tells us what to expect when faced by the "thing called dying."**

The barriers are coming down between the world of the living and the world of the so-called "dead."

Our books, newspapers, conversations are filled with references to those who claim to have explored both sides of the boundary. Never before have strange and unexplained events been under such intensive investigation. Life-after-death, telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition, reincarnation, the whole world of the mysterious unknown is yielding up its secrets to a devoted band of pioneer explorers armed with the tools of twentieth century science.

*In our time*—we are coming to grips with questions that have challenged man since the dawn of civilization:

- **What kind of life is waiting after death?**
- **Do we become simply disembodied spirits? (Or is it possible that the after-life will be much more familiar than we dare hope?)**
- **What will your eating, dressing and sex habits be in the next world?**
- **What does it feel like to die?**
- **Have any travelers really returned from the after-life?**
- **Will you have "a second body" in the hereafter?**
- **Can the theories of atomic structure help explain the puzzling new evidence of life after death?**

This much has already been established: You cannot know beforehand what to expect after birth—but you *can* know beforehand a great deal of what to expect after death.

## "THERE ARE NO DEAD"

All the facts are in a book just completed by one of the great skeptics of our time—R. DeWitt Miller—a scholar who trusts no hearsay, suspects all "proof" until it has withstood the test of scientific investigation. His book appropriately is called YOU *DO* TAKE IT WITH YOU. R. DeWitt Miller, as author of the "Forgotten Mysteries" series run in *Coronet magazine* for many years, gained an international reputation as an unbiased scientific investigator of the psychic world. "We will never be any more dead than we are now," R. DeWitt Miller tells us, and he proceeds to show us why.

His evidence is impressive. Much of it is found in the testimony of people who have been at the boundary line or have actually crossed it. Men and women who have been at the point of death and survived, and those "medically dead" who have been revived by medical science several minutes after their hearts stopped beating. *These people are witnesses to evidence it is impossible to dismiss.*

## YOU *DO* TAKE IT WITH YOU

These travelers who have returned tell us what it feels like to die—what happens, and what doesn't happen. Their experiences are remarkably alike, although none of them have ever known each other. They show that we take with us nothing of what we *have*, but everything of what we *are*—that in the other life we will still be the men and women we have always been, with all the normal faculties that implies.

In an informative preface, Dr. Russell G. MacRobert, Consulting Neuro-Psychiatrist at Lenox Hill Hospital describes R. DeWitt Miller's lifework as "a remarkable book . . . frank, entertaining and always readable . . . much of the material is new." This single volume brings you an accurate up-to-the-minute account of almost everything known today about—

**Clairvoyance:**

**• The truth about clairvoyance, telepathy and precognition. • The book written years before the Titanic sinking that foretold the exact happenings. • The friend who "saw" the exact details of Mrs. Manuel Quezon's violent death before it happened. • H. Rider Haggard's nightmare that came true.**

**The Spirit World:**

**• Thomas Alva Edison's last experiment • The most haunted house in England • The "Rosalie" case • The medium and what happened on the night of June 6, 1946 • Can dogs detect ghosts? • Communications between the "living" and the "dead." • Arthur Conan Doyle and the "mystery key."**

**Reincarnation:**

**• The weird case of Patience Worth. • How did a simple woman from the Mississippi Valley know so much about ancient English writings and words? • The very strange "letters from Julia." • Eileen Garrett and reincarnation • "Automatic writing." • The Dead Humanitarians.**

**The Next World:**

**• What to expect after death • Benjamin Franklin knew what death was like • What leaves the body when death occurs? • Sudden death need not be feared. • Proof of your *second body*. • The strange case of J. S. Thompson: Can a man be in two places at the same exact minute? • Are you still sexually alive after "death"?**

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Here, with full scientific allowance for wish-fulfillment, hallucination, self-deception, mass-hypnosis, and every other reason for doubt or cynicism, is evidence that we do not die . . . that life and death are part of a vaster reality. Judge the facts for yourself in YOU *DO* TAKE IT WITH YOU. Mail the coupon below and we'll send you a copy of R. DeWitt Miller's new book for two weeks trial examination. Mail to Citadel Press, Dept. A-981, 222 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.

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# TRADE Winds

**THE EARTH** at this time may be shaken by wars and rumors of wars, but when those human pillars of validity and incorruptibility, the TV quiz shows, turn out to be something less than upright, our whole modern civilization seems to be on the brink of disintegration. If it can be any comfort at all, at one time we worked rather closely with two of the highest-rated panel shows of history, and are happy to report that these two, at least, are as pure as driven talc.

Both of these shows—*I've Got a Secret* and *What's My Line*—are the products of two of the most sinewy and unrelenting gentlemen in the business, Mark Goodson and Bill Todman. They would no more permit a "fix" on these shows than Grant or Lee would have thrown The War Between The States.

From a cynical point of view their outlook is not entirely selfless. Both shows depend upon the element of surprise—and also on *double-entendre*. If the shows were fixed they would lose those vital elements of spontaneity and would have withered audience interest years ago.

It is comforting to have at least one anchor to windward in these days of the crumbling Plaster Saints of Quizdom.

**ALSO COMFORTING** is the fact that our two favorite advice-to-the-lovelorn columnists, Ann Landers and Abby Van Buren continue to condense profound advice in the minimum of verbiage.

To a man in love with both a 17-year-old daughter and a 35-year-old mother, Abby writes succinctly: "Change your location and fish off another dock."

To a reader who signs himself "Man or Mouse" who complains that his wife won't let him criticize their children, Abby says: "A woman who causes a man to wonder whether he is a man or mouse shouldn't be surprised if he turns into a rat."

Ann Landers doesn't mince any words with a wife who signs herself "Mother Goose" and sends along this complaint: "My husband brought home a boxer puppy which I dearly love. But since then he has presente me with two snakes, a pair of toads, a Great Dane, and a baby falcon. I'm expecting a baby in three weeks . . ."

Miss Landers' reply is profound and telling: "Tell Father Goose the local

zoo is about to fall heir to some interesting new additions."

**FURTHER COMFORT** comes from the fact that not only Van Wyck Brooks but his wife Gladys are bringing forth new books within a week of each other, under the Dutton imprint. But not without some problems.

When the jacket of Mrs. Brooks' "Gramercy Park" (out this week, see Books) was being drawn, it included the prominent statue of Edwin Booth which is as it should be except that the scene depicted is supposed to reflect the park in 1900. The statue wasn't erected until 1918.

Compensating for this, however, is the fact that Mr. Brooks has at last reached the stature of a celebrity in his own community of Bridgewater, Connecticut. Until recently, Mr. Brooks was just another resident. The community could take or leave his books. But when NBC moved its cameras in for an interview on the program "Wisdom," the town came to a standstill, and Mr. Brooks can now look forward to extra choice cuts at the butcher shop. His book "The Dream of Arcadia" (out next week) will be only an anticlimax in Bridgewater.

**HARRY GOLDEN CONTINUES** to toss out his benevolent barbs in the columns of the *Carolina Israelite*. Commenting on the publication of two books by Harper's, "Stride Toward Freedom" (by Martin Luther King, the Alabama minister who led the famous Negro bus boycott, see Books), and on "All In One Lifetime" (by South Carolina's James F. Byrnes), Golden comments:


The more you know about Scotch,

the more you like

Ballantine's

"21" Brands, Inc. N. Y. C. 86 PROOF

ALSO IMPORTERS OF 94.4 PROOF **BALLANTINE'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN** DISTILLED FROM GRAIN


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"We hope that the Harper brothers use separate, but equal, linotype machines."

**ON THE OTHER HAND,** the *New York Herald-Tribune* uses its linotype machines to headline two stories in adjacent columns. One headline reads: "Romulo Terms Peace Outlook Best Since 1945." In the next column, we read in equal type: "U. S. Tourists Warned Against Austria Frontier."

It's a question of separate but equal outlooks.

**TWO NEW GLOSSARIES** have come our way both reflecting these strident times. From Lin Yutang's forthcoming "The Secret Name" (Farrar, Straus, & Cudahy, October 10) we find these translations from the Communist Jargon:

Elections: A race with one horse
Economy: Concentrated politics
Comrade: Boss; a person you have to look out for.
Worker's State: That in which the workers do all the work.

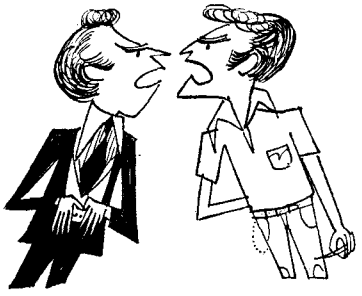
From Harrison Salisbury's "The Shook-Up Generation" which Harper will bring along on October 15, we learn what the juvenile delinquents use for language these days:

Bop: To fight
Jap: To ambush an individual
Turf: A gang's domain
Coolie: Non-gang boy.

For a sample conversation of this enlightened younger set, you might overhear something like this:

"Okay, man. I thought you might be shaking me down." (Okay, I was afraid you would try to hold me up.)

"You figured you might have to



shuffle, eh?" (You thought you might have to fight?)

"That's what I thought, man. But I'm telling you I got a piece on me. Nobody going to jap me, man." (Yes, that's why I'm carrying a gun. I'm not letting anyone take me by surprise.)

"I thought you might be a coolie, man." (I thought you might not belong to a gang.)

"You trying to sound me? Let's get

## THE STUDENT COUNCIL AND HOW IT GREW

Today let us investigate a phenomenon of American college life laughingly called the student council.

What actually goes on at student council meetings? To answer this burning question, let us reproduce here the minutes of a typical meeting of a typical student council.

Meeting scheduled for 8:30 p.m. at Students Union. Called to order at 10:63 p. m. by Hunrath Sigafoos, presiding. Motion to adjourn made by Louis Bicuspid, freshman representative. Motion ruled out of order by Hunrath Sigafoos, presiding. Hunrath Sigafoos called "old poop" by Louis Bicuspid, freshman representative. Seconded by Delores Wheatgerm, sophomore representative. Tabled by Hunrath Sigafoos, presiding.

Minutes of last meeting read by Zelda Pope-Toledo, secretary. Motion to accept minutes made by Hunrath Sigafoos, presiding. Motion defeated.

Treasurer's report not read because Rex Mercredi, treasurer, not present at meeting. Rex Mercredi, treasurer impeached and executed in absentia.

Motion made by Louis Bicuspid, freshman representative, to allow sale of hard liquor in school cafeteria. Seconded by Delores Wheatgerm, sophomore representative. Motion tabled by Sigafoos, old poop.

Motion made by Booth Fishery, fraternity representative to permit parking in library. Motion referred to committee.

Motion made by Dun Rovin, athletics representative, to conduct French conversation classes in English. Motion referred to committee.

Motion made by Esme Plankton, sorority representative, to allow hypnosis during Rush Week. Referred to committee.

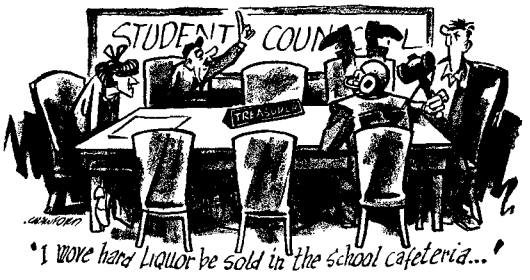
Motion made by Pierre Clemenceau, foreign exchange student, to conduct Spanish conversation classes in French. Motion referred to committee.

Observation made by Martha Involute, senior representative, that in her four years on student council every motion referred to committee was never heard of again. Miss Involute was tabled.

Motion made by Louis Bicuspid, freshman representative, to allow sale of hard liquor in Sociology I and II. Seconded by Delores Wheatgerm, sophomore representative. Motion tabled by Hunrath Sigafoos, presiding crossly.

Refreshments served—coffee, cake, Marlboro Cigarettes. The following resolution adopted by acclamation:

"WHEREAS Marlboro is milder, tastier, and more pleasing to smokers of all ages and conditions; and WHEREAS Marlboro is contained in the crushproof flip-top box which is the slickest, quickest, neatest container yet devised for cigarettes; and WHEREAS Marlboro, that most commendable of smokes in the most admirable wrappings, is graced with the




exclusive Selectrate filter; therefore BE IT RESOLVED that it is the sense of this meeting that Marlboro is far and away the best cigarette on this or any other campus."

Resolution was amended to include: "WHEREAS Marlboro now comes in a soft pack, too," and the meeting was adjourned with many a laugh and cheer at 11:74 P.M.

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* * *

***The makers of Marlboro, who bring you this column, herewith move that Marlboro is the finest cigarette ever. We know you'll second the motion.***

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# 16 years and 20,000 novels later... one book still stands out in all their minds

# islandia

"I recall it as a splendidly conceived novel, written with all the conviction of inner belief, a testimony to the completeness of the author's concept, a rare novel, in a class by itself."
—AUGUST DERLETH

"I have been talking about Islandia ever since 1942, and just lately lectured about it during a course of talks about distinguished American novels. It is one of the more memorable books I read during my reviewing years, and is, in my judgment, the most convincing and entertaining of all utopian novels in the world."
—PAUL JORDAN-SMITH

"Islandia stays in my mind as one of my favorite books of all time and, indeed, I remember it far better than some of the books I read last month . . . I'm delighted to know that you are reviving it!"
—AGNES ROGERS ALLEN

"Among the 400-odd books I reviewed for the New York Times over an eleven-year period, I would have to count Islandia among the dozen or so which have remained most vividly in my mind . . . The feat of Wright's imagination in creating a fully-furnished world . . . is an accomplishment of quite a different order than writing a so-called documentary novel, or a novel that satisfies a rather shallow quest for 'authenticity.'"
—HAROLD STRAUSS

More than 20,000 novels have been published in America since *Islandia* first appeared in 1942, yet this unique fictional concept, this most remarkable work of imagination continues to overshadow them all in the minds of thousands of readers as well as the memories of these distinguished critics. Too long to reprint under wartime paper restrictions, its printing plates destroyed by mistake, its original manuscripts lost in transit after a public exhibition, *Islandia* has now been completely reset from the text of the First Edition, and is once more available to excite the imagination and mind of all who have ever longed for their own Utopia.

# islandia

## by Austin Tappan Wright

**with a new introduction by his daughter, Sylvia Wright**

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some sneaky pete and have us a gig." (Don't kid me, let's get some wine and have a party.)

It's vocabularies like this which make us wish for the good old days of pure, unadulterated slang, man.

**YOU DON'T NEED** a glossary to understand the colorful phrases found in "Willie Mae" (Knopf), the biography of a Negro servant by Elizabeth Kytle. Willie Mae herself is as refreshing as the fact that this is a book written by a Southern white woman who decries intolerance and bigotry.

Willie Mae's expressions speak for themselves:

"She was as high as a Georgia pine . . ."

"He was the sorriest man God ever strung a gut to . . ."

"She went to mix and mangle with the party . . ."

"They felt like ninnyhammers . . ."

"As the Bible says, there's a time to plant, and a time to pluck up . . ."

We don't need to worry about the language getting stagnant with Willie Mae around.

**JUST IN CASE** you think that Robert Paul Smith ("Where Did You Go—Out") had been idle before his two recent best sellers, Viking is setting the record straight by re-issuing three previously published novels of his which relate to the then-Beat Generation of the Thirties and Forties. "So It Doesn't Whistle" (1941), "The Journey" (1943), and "The Time and the Place" (1952) will all be available under one roof on September 26.

**GORDON JETT,** of Detroit, adds to our recent palindrome collection by commenting that single palindromes are too easy. The real sport, he theorizes, is to find complete sayings, like this one for Napoleon:

"Able was I ere I saw Elba."

Or what must certainly have been the first palindrome:

"Madam, I'm Adam."

"The whole thing started for me," writes Mr. Jett, "when I went to work for a man named . . . Otto Renner."

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1277)

(J.) BRONOWSKI:
*SCIENCE AND HUMAN VALUES*

Napoleon, we know, was angry when the Institute he had founded awarded his first scientific prize to Humphry Davy, for this was in Eighteen Seven, when France was at war with England. But Science survived because it is less brittle than the rage of tyrants.

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*$15 value* *Only* **7.98**
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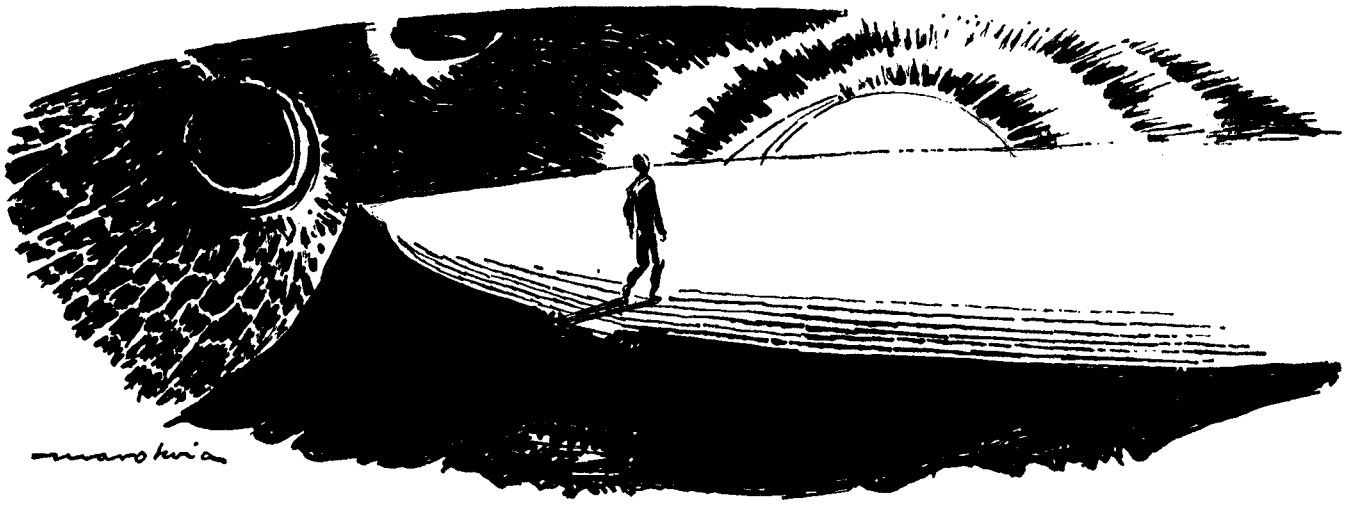
*Saturday Review*
SEPTEMBER 20, 1958

# THE ARTIST IN A WORLD OF SCIENCE



By PEARL S. BUCK

I HAVE returned, on this summer's morning, from a journey to a great laboratory of nuclear physics, in the midwest region of our country. Among all the wonders there my recollection rests at this moment upon a vast circular reactor, from which controlled outlets release a primal energy used in various experiments, all proceeding simultaneously. I walked upon a high surrounding balcony and there below I saw scientists of Europe and Asia, as well as America, working in silent absorption upon their individual projects, a United Nations of quite a different sort and no less important than the one housed in the tall buildings in New York.

What has all this to do with me, these scientists, this great reactor feeding out its power in such manifold ways? I came away reflective. For I am well aware that it has very much to do with me. This morning, in the quiet of my home, I examine again my art and my craft in this new age where I must now live. Trivia today have become more trivial than ever, and yet more meaningful, even as the individual is at once more important and less important than he has ever been before. We are having to reconcile seemingly irreconcilable processes, the microcosm and the macrocosm, the expected and the unexpected, the quantum phenomena of particle and wave, the human creature free within the range of his capacity and yet predestined by inheritance and environment.

I speak of the writer as artist, for writers are of two kinds, those who are not artists and those who are. The artist as writer is of the same stuff as the artist who is scientist. The artist anywhere is the same in essence, whatever the technique he uses to express his art. Artists are those who have the capacity to perceive and understand, beyond the seeming divisions of life, the all-pervading unity of life. Artists are those who base their art upon a premise, not upon a thesis. Artists are those who are able by virtue of their very being to grasp the essential and inescapable interdependence of science and philosophy. When I say *science* I mean knowledge based upon changing, expanding, experimental data and when I say *philosophy* I mean the comprehension of the meaning of such data in the total life of mankind.

EVERYONE knows, however dimly, that within the last few years this total life has been deeply affected, if not altogether changed, by the findings of contemporary physics. There are no boundaries possible now to define just what those changes are or what they will be. All boundaries are gone, it seems, when we contemplate our present position. We are like creatures who have lived always in a narrow valley, deep below the mountain tops and who have, by a sudden upheaval, been tossed above those mountains into high plains, where the horizons are endless. There are no paths to guide us, for no human being has ever been here before. The one irrevocable limitation is that we cannot go back to where we were. The world we knew is now no more. It cannot be

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rebuilt. We must go forward. We have no choice. We must face the new horizons. The only question is how we shall proceed, and in what mood, in fear and despair, or in courage for high adventure and the realization of a greater happiness than we have ever known.

What shall we say of this new place in which we find ourselves? In spite of the long processes of science, we have in effect been catapulted to this place. I say the process has been long, for the release of atomic energy is only the latest event in a series which began twenty-five hundred years ago in Greece. Science began and has continued to be the concern of thoughtful men and women to find the philosophical meaning of the facts they observe in the natural world about them. That is, we have tried always to discover some generalization which would organize these separate facts and so explain to us the reasonableness of our own existence. We have tried to reduce the complexity we see to a simplicity we can comprehend. In the world of matter we have deduced and finally discovered elements. In the elements we have tried again to deduce and discover laws, which we have hoped were the laws of life itself, that life of which we are ourselves a part. Could we explain the universe, we could explain ourselves. And to explain ourselves is our human need, our most profound longing, made articulate through the artist. Who are we, by whom were we made, and how and for what purpose? These are the questions of humanity.

The atomic theory, throughout the centuries, has been the continuing attempt to explain ourselves in our world, that expanding world, which now stretches around us and beyond, illimitable, without beginning and without end. The very word *atom* comes from the Greek word *atomos,* meaning indivisible. Democritus, trying to crystallize life into a mechanical pattern, was defied, however, by Plato, who denied the crystal shape, the mechanical formula. Plato insisted upon mind, or philosophy, as the only reality. The process of the discovery of the unified field, the area into which both concepts could be comprehended, was delayed for centuries by this conflict. Artists, whether in the arts or the sciences, took sides and delayed solution. Scientists degenerated into alchemists, and artists into theorists. It was not until the Renaissance that the atomic search was renewed again in earnest and with progress. From then until now the roster of names of scientists reads like a vast United Nations. By the end of the last century the essential

Pearl Buck—"I came away reflective."

fact can be put into this capsule; there is nothing solid, nothing immovable, even in what we are accustomed to consider a solid. The most solid stuff is made up of innumerable atoms in constant motion, each separate from the other, yet all held by attraction to one another and repelled from one another by vibrations.

This was not quite as evident, however, as I have made it seem. In 1893, for example, only two years before Röentgen discovered X-rays, a well-known and highly respected scientist announced that physics had finished its work, that all essential knowledge was now discovered. Alas, he was still in the valley of darkness. What must he have felt when suddenly he was catapulted into the wide world where we now live! Since that historic date of 1895, we have been driven relentlessly toward this moment where we now stand, fully aware, at last, of the new age, the age without boundaries, physical or philosophical. Columbus sailing the uncharted seas was not less charted than we are, facing eternal and endless space, occupied by other globes than ours, globes upon which live beings, how like or unlike us we do not yet know. These globes, these spaces, have always been there, in one form or another. The change is that now they are accessible, at least in theory. Earth is still our home but no longer our prison. The horizons have lifted beyond our sky. Imagination, hitherto so safely tethered to dreams, is now tethered to reality. Shall we fear or shall we rejoice?

We cannot, perhaps, avoid a preliminary fear, for we face this limitlessness before we have solved the problems of our own globe. Again we have the infinitely small to deal with while at the same time we face the magnificent vastness of the new age. Here in our own country, a bit of land minute in comparison to the land on this one planet and how negligible in comparison to all the lands contained in all the planets of the known and unknown—even here we have not discovered those ways of living together in peace and mutual consideration which alone can insure freedom for us all. This country of ours, which the scientist Arthur Compton has called a laboratory for world living, is a place where all races and all peoples live and strive to realize—or to defy—the eternal and profound principles of universal life. And we face these problems in the world of our planet, and now perhaps far beyond. Nor can we delay solutions. Within decades still greater changes will come upon us, new scientific knowledge, new ideas from a new renaissance we cannot escape as the peoples of East and West are compelled into new contact. We must call upon the concept of the fourth dimension to help us understand that everything has to go on at once, in the same time and space, if we are not to be confused and confounded by the enormous demands of the new age. Indeed, it is essential that we make use of that concept, so that we may not be frightened and overwhelmed by the vast opportunities which now are ours. It has been said often that we can make this new age the most glorious in the history of mankind, or the most destructive. We can build a splendid new civilization if it is a world civilization, or we can destroy ourselves by trying to maintain our little separate civilizations, none of which is adequate for today's demands. The choice is before us. We cannot escape it. To refuse to make it is still to make it. We have today reached the point where inaction has become the positive action of negation. Not to move, steadily and sensibly, toward world civilization is to move toward world destruction. There is no possible return to the valley from this high plateau upon which we stand.

WHAT shall the artist do with the situation? Well, first of all, he must realize that he is subject to it as is every other human being. He cannot escape, either. However he may long to return to the small, the trivial, the safety of home and country as he has always known it, he cannot do so. He struggles to return, of course, just as other men and women do. He looks back as longingly as ever Lot's wife did, and as surely as she, when he does so, he becomes a statue, not even a permanent statue of marble or bronze but of salt, to be washed away in the first storm. We see this regressive longing in many present-

(*Continued on page* 42)

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# MYTH OF THE FOURTH HORSEMAN

By HERBERT HOOVER, *with Marie Therese Nichols.*

ST. JOHN'S Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse is the most pungent and concise warning of war and its consequences in all literature. Its symbolism has haunted the minds and expressions of every race that has read the Bible during the last 1,900 years. From his various writings St. John was obviously a pacifist. But either from his own observation or from his reading he knew all about this variety of calamity to mankind. And he summed it up in 184 words, which is far less than usual among the modern writers.

But there has been confusion over these long years as to the exact names of the Four Horsemen. The names attributed to the four by various writers have included: War, Conquer, Conquest, Christ, Famine, Pestilence, Slaughter, and Sword.

In search for their names, we may first examine the pertinent words of the text in the Sixth Chapter of Revelations. To add clarity and avoid confusion we have given them letters rather than numbers.

(A) And I saw . . . a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering, and to conquer.

(B) And there went out another horse that was red: and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another: and there was given unto him a great sword.

(C) . . . And I beheld, and lo a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand.

And I heard a voice . . . say, A Measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny; and see thou hurt not the oil and the wine.

(D) And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and hunger, and with death and with the beasts of the earth.

St. John specifically mentions the name of only one of his symbolic riders. That is Death, (D) who rode on the pale horse. He was amply equipped with powers of killing. We may accept the name for this one as final—*Death.*

There can be little doubt that the name of the rider on the white horse (A) armed with a bow who "went forth conquering and to conquer" was *War.* However, as "a crown was given unto him," some writers in the past have interpreted him to be the second coming of Christ. They find confirmation in a statement of St. John in Chapter 19 of Revelations as to a rider on a white horse with "many crowns" and upon "his vesture and on his thigh a name was written. King of Kings and Lord of Lords." But as the Savior did not carry weapons we may dismiss this interpretation and accept the common view of centuries that his name was *War.*

IF ST. JOHN had lived through modern total war he could have heard such related names for this horseman as militarism, aggression, and dictatorship.

From St. John's description of the rider on the black horse (C) his name was certainly *Famine,* he being the inevitable companion of war. Some modernist might surmise from his "pair of scales," fixing the prices of barley and his conserving of "oil and wine" that, in addition to being a symbol of famine, he also might have been a symbol of either a profiteer or a food administrator. That could only be resolved by further information as to whether he was holding up the price of barley, or holding it in restraint. In either case, a food administrator comes with famine and is one of the torments of war.

—Bettmann Archive.

Albrecht Dürer's "Riders of the Apocalypse."

Thus, from examination of the text we may conclude that the names of three of the riders were *War, Death,* and *Famine.* And these three names have been accepted for centuries. But what about the fourth?

The most common name assigned in modern times to the remaining horseman (B) is *Pestilence.* We may therefore examine the correctness of this theory at some length. St. John does not use this word anywhere in the Revelations. He was certainly familiar with the term, as he knew the old Scriptures, where it is used nineteen times in nine of the books of the Old Testament from Exodus to Amos. And as the term occurs twice in the gospels, the Hebrew or Greek word was not obsolete in St. John's time.

HOWEVER, St. John in the other parts of Revelations mentions about all the other disasters and punishments that can come to mankind. He enumerates over twenty varieties: killing by the sword, lightning, hail, floods, fire, brimstone, earthquakes, famine, and terrible beasts. His dreadful assembly of evils or punishments also includes rivers and the sea turned to blood; water turned bitter as wormwood; the earth scorched with heat; the bottomless pit; hell; perdition; sorrow; the sun, moon, and stars one-third darkened; torments such as bites by scorpions, and a variety of "abominations." *But he does not mention Pestilence.*

True, he twice uses the term "plague," and it might be argued that he used it as a synonym for pestilence. In the first instance (Chapter 11:6) he refers to powers to smite the earth with plagues. In the second instance (Chapter 16:9), he apparently refers to all these abominations collectively as plagues with no implications of disease.

But it can also be contended from examination of the same books of the Old Testament that plague was not a

(*Continued on page* 45)

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## The Fiction of Business

By Granville Hicks

AS HAS been said often enough, good novels about business are rare. There may be, and I think there are, some rather subtle reasons for this, but one explanation is obvious: few writers know much about business, and the persons who know business can't or don't learn how to write. One of the significant exceptions is Louis Auchincloss, who has a direct acquaintance with investment banking and who has made himself a skilful craftsman. In several novels and a couple of collections of short stories he has written authoritatively and persuasively about a small but important segment of American business.

**"Venus in Sparta"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) is, as it turns out, only incidentally a novel about business, but Auchincloss's knowledge proves useful as he introduces us to his leading character, Michael Farish, at forty-five vice president and senior trust officer of the Hudson River Trust Company, with good reason to expect to occupy the presidency, as his grandfather had done in his time. Most businessmen in fiction are annoyingly nebulous or else their functions are described in massive and confusing detail. Auchincloss does not tell us much about Michael's duties, but what he does tell defines exactly the nature of his success and the reasons for it.

The crisis in Michael's life that is the book's theme is precipitated in part by an incident in his business career, the bringing to light of the not quite ethical act that led to his first success. But its major cause is a purely personal matter, his discovery of his wife's infidelity. Michael's world falls apart, and although for a time he seems to be putting it back together again, he comes to a bad end. What Auchincloss chiefly seeks to do is to reveal the flaw in Michael's character that makes disaster inevitable.

As his associates see him, Michael is a man who has moved easily and confidently towards an unquestioned goal, and from this point of view his crisis seems mysterious and ironic. The reader, however, is led step by step to perceive how logical the crisis is. By a series of adroitly managed flashbacks, Auchincloss shows us that all through Michael's life his problem has been the necessity of proving, not so much to others as to himself, that *he is a man. And again and again what* he has taken as proof—his marriage, a wartime affair, his business success—has really been evasion. When at last he is gripped by the kind of unequivocal passion that he can accept as evidence of masculinity, it is too late.

AUCHINCLOSS is a deft prober, and he shows us how a sense of inadequacy and guilt can be created and how it can shape a life. To me the psychological problem to which he addresses himself in "Venus in Sparta" is less interesting than the ethical problem with which he was concerned in his preceding novel, "The Great World and Timothy Colt." In its portrayal of a particular milieu, however, of a world in which there not only is money but has been money for several generations, the novel demonstrates that Auchincloss knows his stuff and knows how to use it to literary advantage.

Of the other two business novels that I want to talk about, I can say only that the authors know their stuff too. J. Harvey Howells, author of **"The Big Company Look"** (Doubleday, $3.95) has been in advertising, and a good deal of what he has worked into his book could serve as footnotes for "The Organization Man," "The Hidden Persuaders," or "Madison Avenue USA." The novel as a novel, however, is such a slapdash affair and leads to such a richly implausible climax that one can take it seriously only as a document.

It is the story of Jackson Pollett, who decides at an early age, in reaction against an idealistic and impecunious father, that he is going to be a success. We see him first when he is selling groceries as part of the training program of United States Grocery Company, and we follow his career to the point at which, aged forty, he believes he is to become president of Prepared Foods. During the fifteen years the novel covers, Pollett devotes himself zealously and unscrupulously to the pursuit of success, licking the boots of his superiors, harrying his subordinates, betraying his friends, and neglecting his wife.

I can believe that some big businesses are conducted as ruthlessly as those Mr. Howells describes, but I cannot believe in Jackson Pollett. At bottom he is supposed to be a good deal like Michael Farish. At least his wife says in a bitter moment: "Do you know what your ambition is? It's fear—that's what it is. Fear of failure, because you couldn't take it. You're not sure you're any good, and you can't relax in case it's true." But this is something we are told; it is not something we are made to feel. Mr. Howells may insist that he has known many persons like Jackson Pollett, but for the purposes of fiction that isn't enough; it is the character who has to be known, not somebody like him.

Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger's **"The Week of the Wives"** (Putnam, $3.95) is also a documentary, embellished with some devices cultivated in the fiction that appears in the women's magazines, but it has an original idea, and in its own fashion it is moderately entertaining. It is about eight executives who have been studying in the Advanced Management Program at Harvard and about the wives of seven of them. (The eighth man is a widower.) The wives come to Cambridge to spend the last week of the three-months' course with their husbands and to watch them graduate, and the novel carries the entire group through five busy days.

RECENT studies have told us a good deal about the role of wives in big-business careers today, and Miss Rodger provides some pertinent illustrations, but, though she is herself the wife of an executive who went through the Advanced Management Program, her interest in business seems only superficial. Each of the couples, it turns out, has a problem, and the widower has one too. In the week at Cambridge, as Miss Rodger describes it, all of these problems are solved. This takes a good deal of manipulating and the wonder is that the novel has even an air of plausibility.

If the three novels have anything in common, it is their repudiation of the nineteenth-century concept of *Economic Man. Not one of the many* businessmen they portray is motivated by the enlightened self-interest that seemed so important to the Manchester School; their motives have to be tracked down in the deeper recesses of the psyche. This, of course, is a concept that fits current theories of economic behavior, and it makes for literary interest. Only Mr. Auchincloss, however, has enough imaginative power and enough discipline to give the concept reality.

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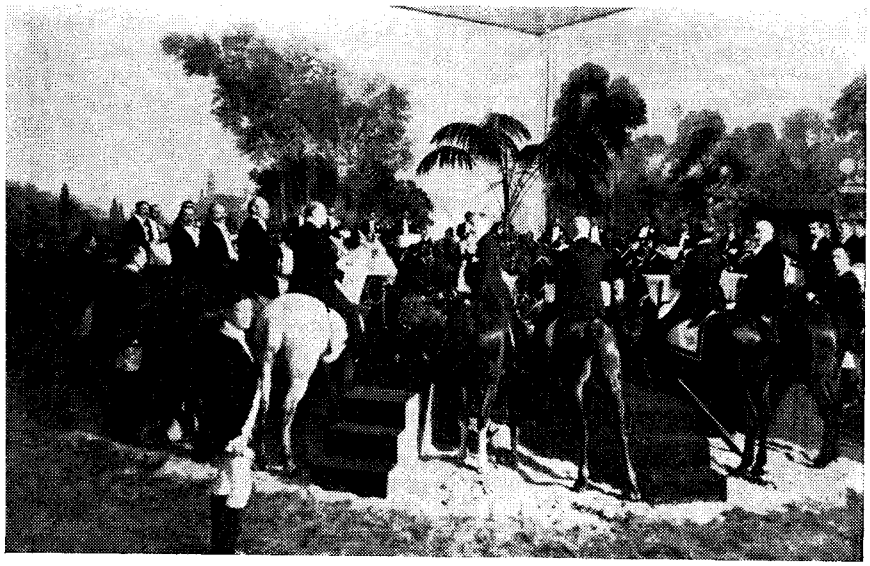
# Photo Album of a Golden Gotham

*A chiaroscuro of New York from 1890-1910 is presented in contemporary photos and comments in "Once Upon a City," reviewed on page 20 by Meyer Berger. The sampling below evokes some of Manhattan's turn-of-the-century flavor.*



The Horseback Dinner given by "American Horse King" C. K. G. Billings in the grand ballroom of Sherry's in 1903.

Elsie de Wolfe in a "Cosy Corner" of her Irving Place home, 1896. Below, posed picture of a sleep-starved tenement girl, lower East Side.

Formal rainy-day costumes on Herald Square in 1900 contrast with devil-may-care disregard for fashion of flannel-enveloped bathers at Far Rockaway.

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# Old New York in Light and Shadow

***"Once Upon a City," by Grace M. Mayer** (Macmillan, 511 pp. $15), is appraised by Meyer Berger, whose "About New York" column appears regularly in* The New York Times. *In 1950 he received a Pulitzer Prize for local reporting.*

By Meyer Berger

IN "ONCE UPON A CITY" the curator of prints at The Museum of the City of New York weaves a lively account of Gotham's Flash Age (1890-1910) around some 200 photographs of the period by Percy Byron, who, at eighty, still trains a knowing lens on unfolding events in the Age of the Atom.

Sixty-five years ago New York City had entered a Golden Age. It swarmed then with millionaires gone heady with their wealth and with bewildered immigrants pouring through Ellis Island in full flood. A touch of madness was on The Town.

A few years before, the Byrons had come to the city from Nottingham-on-Trent in Britain, bearing cumbersome camera equipment. They roamed the strange metropolis, aiming their lenses on the human swarms and on their dwelling places; caught them at work and at play.

Their glass negatives piled up through the years—historic shots like the building of Grant's Tomb, the visit of Li Hung Chang as China's Viceroy, the Admiral Dewey Parade, among other events—until there were more than 10,000.

In 1942 Percy Byron turned these over to The Museum of the City of New York, where they came into the hands of Miss Grace M. Mayer, a born New Yorker. After choosing 200 of the 10,000 negatives for her book, she spent five years in earnest research to supplement their story and in writing "Once Upon a City."

Pictures and text are happily met. Percy Byron's pictures and Miss Mayer's text should be standard reference from now on for the lusty twenty-year period 1890-1910. "Once Upon a City" will probably never be surpassed as a document covering those two decades. The curator of the Museum of the City of New York has come through with an extraordinary book.

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Percy Byron—. . . at eighty still trains a knowing lens on unfolding events in this Atom Age.

The text is from the works of men and women who lived in the Flash Age. With great wisdom Miss Mayer has chosen the best contemporary material. She has knitted it neatly everywhere and the fabric is shot through with easy laughter, with kindly tolerance, and affection. The book makes easy reading.

The volume is filled with pictures and with descriptions of The City and its peoples that should awaken dreams and memories in the middle-aged and in the aging. Many still living will see Times Square again as it looked before it became Times Square. They will see the slow pile-up of electric-lighting that became The Great White Way.

THE book pictures and describes the flowering of the West Side, especially the parts now gone to seed and shuddering under wreckers' pounding. It shows the early magnificence of Fifth Avenue when the Vanderbilts, Havemeyers, Depews, and Whitneys, among others, were creating limestone mansions so large that they called for the ministrations of thirty, or more, in help. The book is a guided tour through a vanished glory.

Think of anything in The City's advance into, and just beyond, the twentieth century, and be certain you will find it in Grace Mayer's work and in Byron's: Billy McGlory's desperate attempt to bring his raffish element into Columbus Circle in 1899, and his defeat by the Paulist Fathers; the organ-grinders who slaved for the Savoyard Brothers, the little girls who danced on the pavement to the organs' wheezing; the derby-hatted hokey-pokey man and the plodding peddlers of "Ice Cold Lemonade, One Cent a Glass."

Helmeted cops, West Street choked with drays and with panting horses; the town's gay blades whipping their coaches and four up Fifth Avenue, through Central Park, and up Riverside's green stretches; Else de Wolfe establishing interior decoration as a lush profession; crowds packing Madison Square Garden for the Bicycle Show; men and women in long drawers dipping in the tide at the Rockaways and at Coney Island; rowers crowding Harlem River and the Hudson with swift shells; heavily-furred gentry moving through the white silence in The Park in ornate, horse-drawn sleighs.

In "Once Upon a City" you look again on society "whips" tooling up Fifth Avenue to Pelham Bridge; upon pie-eyed roisterers posing owlishly for Mr. Byron at bachelors' dinners; at fabulous wedding ceremonies —the Castellane-Gould wedding the joining of the Vanderbilts and the Marlboroughs, the mating of Pagets and Whitneys, all in the grand seigniorial manner. There are amusing pictures and text for the zany dinner at Sherry's (southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, 1903) where all the guests rode right up to special high tables on horseback and consumed their meal in the saddle.

Horse cars, balloon ascensions, itinerant saw-sharpeners, street singers, German bands, Turkish baths for ladies, jujitsu instruction for women bothered by mashers, grim-lipped suffragettes, astonishing soda fountains and barbershops so garishly made up your eyes would pop at their grandeur. Free lunch counters, old barrooms, Hudson River excursions, Easter parades in cartwheel hats and dust-sweeping dresses; the theatre of Lillian Russell, Maude Adams, Leslie Carter, Sarah Bernhardt, Ethel Barrymore, and the Floradora Sextette.

The wistful middle-aged reader, the graying oldster, the researchers assigned to do a piece on the Flash Age owe a great debt to Grace Mayer. She has presented New York's Golden Period—the happy, bright side of it, and the crowded shadows. The work is a bargain even at fifteen dollars.

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# And Suddenly Something Happened

***"Stride Toward Freedom: The Montgomery Story," by Martin Luther King*** *(Harper. 192 pp. $2.95), is about 50,000 Negroes who fought for their rights by nonviolent means. Lillian Smith, who wrote "Strange Fruit" and "Killers of the Dream," reviews the book for us.*

By Lillian Smith

THIS is the most interesting book that has come out of the current racial situation in the South: important as documentary, full of accurate facts that historians will value; exciting as one dramatic scene after another unfolds; wise and compassionate in its point of view.

On one level it is an account of how 50,000 Negroes caught in an unbearable situation met and transcended their ordeal. Here they were: torn by schisms within their own group, tormented by small jealousies and ambitions, smothered by external pressures from the white group and internal pressures of fear, suspicion, self-depreciation. Then suddenly something happens—and they are lifted up by a new vision, a stern purpose, and unified not alone by their brave acts but by the spirit of nonviolence and love that illumined those acts. This story is told by a man who not only experienced it at the center of things but who is aware of its complex meanings.

But there is another story here, and quite as important. It is the modest and candid confession of a man with no ambition to become a leader who was forced into the role by circumstances and need and who, in a profound sense, was reborn by his commitment.

At the time of his challenge, Martin Luther King was twenty-eight years old. He had completed his residence requirements for a Ph.D. degree. Ahead of him was his doctoral thesis. One day a call came from a small Baptist church in Montgomery, Alabama, inviting him to become its pastor. Here he was: a young intellectual absorbed in philosophy, engrossed in analysis of the ideas of Reinhold Niebuhr, Karl Barth, Paul Tillich, Rousseau, Locke, Hegel, Nietzsche, Marx, and finally, Gandhi—longing for a few more years of the cloistered life of the student. His mind was in love with knowledge. But his heart was in love with God—and he knew in the South, his home, lay for the Christian believer a giant-size opportunity. He accepted his "call." To leave the security and opportunities of the North and return South with a young wife was not an easy decision to make. But he made it. And off they went to Alabama knowing—and, in a kind of innocence, not knowing—what lay ahead.

He had not been there long when the bus incidents in Montgomery piled too high. The time had come when the Negro people could take no more humiliation. Mr. King tells in careful detail what happened in Negro and white communities, their clashes, their aborted attempts at reconciliation. He describes the persistent blindness of most of the white leaders and the clear vision of a few. And then with even more candor he describes the mistakes, the moral growing pains of the Negro group and their slow but steady maturation. And as we listen, Montgomery becomes for us not only the complex economic-cultural-historical-psychological organism we know it to be but a sign and a symbol of man's capacity to meet ordeal not with violence but with creative love and imagination—and in the doing of it, to transcend his limitations.

The two stories interlock, of course. Neither could have been well told without the other. But it is not an easy thing to fuse a group's story with a personal story, and the author was, now and then, confronted with problems of form, focus, narrative that he did not solve successfully. No matter. The interwoven stories are told well enough, after a slow start, to keep most readers engrossed.

I found it a deeply moving book. It is full of memorable words, such as those of the old woman walking to work every day who replied to an inquirer about her health, "Honey, my feets is tired but my soul is rested."

But beneath the pathos, the humor, the shocking scenes of brutality and the fine moments when hate slowly turned to compassion there is a solid rock of values. The Negro leaders in Montgomery—and Mr. King never lets you forget that he was only one of them—were working not for racial integration alone but for a moral transformation of the community's life. And because their purpose was big, their philosophy firm, because the means they used were without hate, because all of it together cut through level after level of human experience, the account of a bus boycott in Montgomery will, I think, become a classic story—as has Gandhi's salt march—of man demanding justice and discovering that justice first begins in his own heart.

*—Dan Weiner.*

**Martin Luther King—. . . forced into the role of leadership, he was reborn by his commitment.**

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# The Lady on Irving Place

***"Gramercy Park," by Gladys Brooks*** *(Dutton. 220 pp. $4), tells about life in Manhattan when it was for some folks as cozy as Grand Rapids. Mrs. Van Wyck Brooks's memoir is reviewed by literary critic and lecturer Virgilia Peterson, herself a native New Yorker whose background in many respects parallels that of the author.*

By Virgilia Peterson

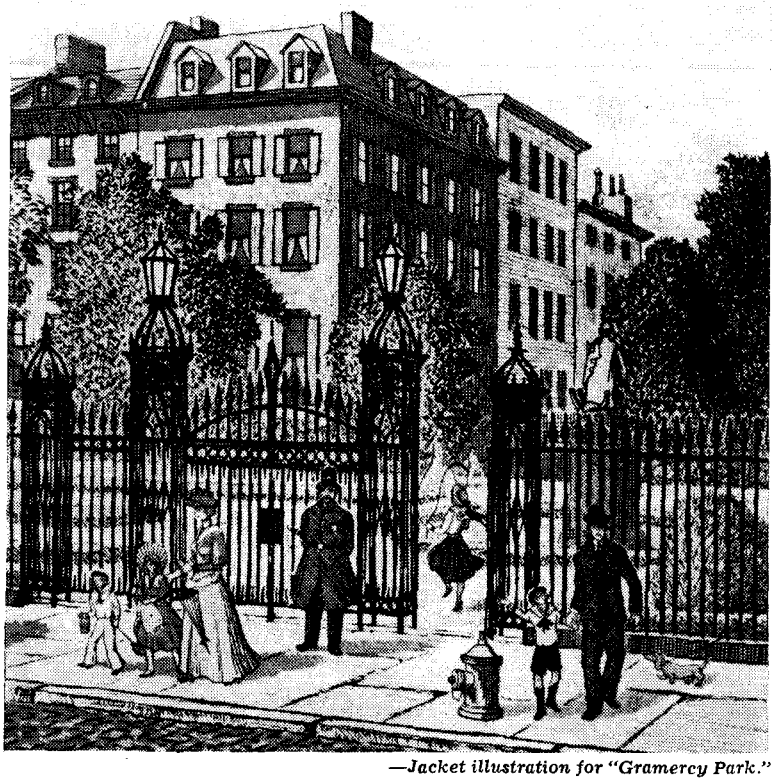
GRAMERCY PARK, that little enclave of greenery and peace in the heart of New York, still looks as it did fifty or sixty years ago, and the children who play in it still wear the key to its gate on a ribbon around their necks. But its timelessness now serves only to point up how irrefutably time has moved on since the turn of the century. In defiance of the persistent rumor that no New Yorker was born in New York, Gladys Brooks, wife of the literary historian and critic Van Wyck Brooks, has written the memoir of her childhood and girlhood to prove, not only that people have actually been born in New York, but that it was once as cozy a place to grow up in as Grand Rapids or Paris.

She does not say, of course, that New York was cozy for everyone. But if you lived in a large, brown stone house on Irving Place around the corner from Gramercy Park; if your father was an eminently fashionable physician and your mother had several devoted Irish servants to release her from tiresome duties and enable her to invite her mind by an open fire among great books; if the children with whom you played and attended school were no less, and sometimes even more, secure than you; if there were always available tickets when Oscar Wilde or Shakespeare were being played; if there was a buckboard to drive you all the way to Kingsbridge for Sunday picnics and a brougham to trot you up gaslit Fifth Avenue to a winter ball; if you had a loving grandmother with an establishment in the Berkshires where you could be sent to recoup from the pressure of school work and a quiet house by the sea in East Hampton to which to escape from summer heat; if you had David Mannes to teach you the violin, and if you met serious writers and artists in your mother's drawing room; if the family dressmaker ran you up a party frock whenever you needed one; if there never came a day when you were cold or hungry; if your only anxiety was your mother's headache or your father's frown; if your only fright was the desertion of a partner on the dance floor or, once, the sight of a pale girl who had tried to kill herself glimpsed through a half-open door—then, indeed, New York was as fitting a place to be nurtured as the tender inside of a cocoon.

Yet within her safe world Gladys Brooks was no sissy. "I couldn't abide spineless people who did not know when they were being pushed around and never dreamed of pushing back," she writes of herself, as a schoolchild. While she drew from her mother her respect for the creative instinct, her capacity to savor ideas, and her dislike of conforming worldliness, it was indubitably from her father that she learned a certain durability and discipline not often found in women so well protected from the stormy weather of the common lot. When, one evening, her father called her down from her bedroom to his office on the ground floor of their house and yanked out her adenoids without even a whiff of anesthetic, Mrs. Brooks did not shed a tear.

SENT abroad at eighteen with a friend her own age under the immaculate wing of a woman-of-the-world named Mrs. Saunders, who was to introduce the young ladies to English and French society, Gladys Brooks, who had encountered the ruthless rich at New York and Southampton parties without flinching, met for the first time, in her chaperone, a standard that shook her certainties. "I wondered," she writes, describing a scene in which Mrs. Saunders criticized her appearance, "whether possibly I were not a lady; whether my mother, who had never talked to me as Mrs. Saunders did, were not a lady, either. What exactly *was* a lady?"

No one who reads "Gramercy Park" will have any doubt as to what constitutes (or should one say constituted?) a lady. This is the work of a lady, with all the reticence, delicacy of feeling, and essential innocence that the word implies. Undramatic, gentle, rolling along at a relaxed and rather dreamy pace, it evokes the New York of high-ceilinged privacy and parochial friendliness familiar to Henry James and Edith Wharton, as it also evokes the good bones, fine color, and soft clothing that Mary Cassatt or Cecilia Beaux liked to paint. If, behind those brown façades and those serene countenances, there seethed frustration and anguish, Gladys Brooks was too young to perceive it. She has written only what she saw.



*—Jacket illustration for "Gramercy Park."*

**"Children who play [here] wear the key to its gates around their necks."**

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# Good Neighbors Have No Fences

***"Chronicle of a Generation," by Raymond B. Fosdick** (Harper. 320 pp. $4.50), is a true story of famous men, good deeds, and worthy causes during the past half century as viewed by the first American member of the League of Nations secretariat. Roger Butterfield, our reviewer, is the author of "The American Past."*

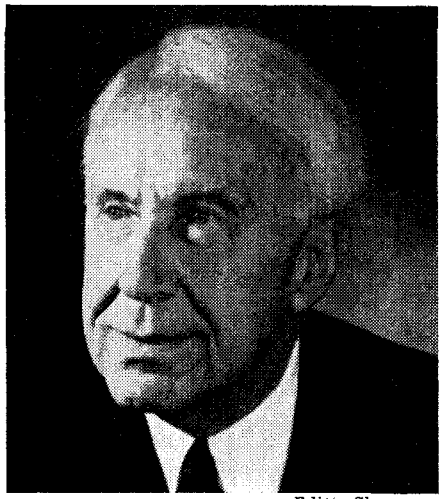
By Roger Butterfield

THIS is an absorbing account of a life that has been well and happily spent. Raymond Fosdick has been a lawyer, teacher, social worker (with Lillian Wald in the pioneer Henry Street Settlement), a politician with an incorrigible bent to the left, a fighting investigator of New York City scandals, an international expert on police work, and a disburser of hundreds of millions of dollars for good causes around the world. By the gifts of his personality, and his constant devotion to human decency, he has managed to be the close friend of men as far apart in their thinking as Norman Thomas, Woodrow Wilson, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. At seventy-five he proudly calls himself a "liberal" and an "idealist," and he adds that "an impressive case, bolstered by the lessons of history, can be made for the thesis that conservatism is generally wrong."

One such lesson he tells here with special inside knowledge. In 1919 President Wilson appointed Fosdick to be the first American member of the secretariat of the brand new League of Nations. There were then two other members, from England and France. To these three men was given the unprecedented task of setting up a world organization to end wars.

The first decision of the three secretaries had important results. They decided that the members of the League secretariat must form a kind of international civil service, divorced from allegiance to their own governments while serving their terms. This concept, the first step toward a real world order, gave the old League what utility it had, and continues to make the United Nations a workable organization.

Naturally Fosdick was appalled when the Wilson-haters in the U.S. Senate, led by Henry Cabot Lodge, set out to scuttle American participation in the League. As he points out, most Americans at the time were ready and eager to join. But Lodge saw an opportunity to humiliate the President and set the stage for the 1920 political campaign. His deliberate tactics were summed up in his remark to another Senator: "Ah, my dear James, I do not propose to defeat it [the League] by direct frontal attack, but by the indirect method of reservations."



—*Editta Sherman.*

Raymond B. Fosdick: ". . . conservatism is generally wrong."

Lodge succeeded, and the price of his victory was paid in World War II. Fosdick came home from London to continue the hopeless fight for the League in speeches and public debates. As a founder and president of the League of Nations Association he uttered many eloquent words that are being repeated today by all the best conservatives. "The time has passed when one nation can live unto itself. It cannot even die unto itself," he said in 1921.

Woodrow Wilson, under whom he studied history and government at Princeton, and for whom he campaigned ardently in 1912, has always been Fosdick's No. 1 hero. This book has some especially appealing descriptions of Wilson as a teacher and inspirer of young men. Fosdick does not claim that Wilson was perfect; he lists his faults, and describes his cold and autocratic moods. He sees him as one who had an uncanny ability to rouse other men to do their best—or worst.

Alongside Wilson in Fosdick's personal pantheon stands John D. Rockefeller, Jr., of whom he has recently given us an excellent biography. Prostitution was the unlikely topic that first brought the two men together. Fosdick was involved through his position as chief investigator (commissioner of accounts) of all New York City departments, including the police. Rockefeller was chairman of a special grand jury investigating the "white slave traffic."

To attack the problem on a broader scale, and especially to control venereal disease, Rockefeller set up the Bureau of Social Hygiene, and engaged Fosdick to study police methods all over Europe and the U.S. From this quickly grew the Rockefeller Foundation. Fosdick was a trustee of the foundation for twenty-seven years and its president from 1935 to 1948. In this latter period he had charge of spending some $200,000,000 on such various projects as eliminating malarial mosquitoes in Brazil, improving agriculture in Mexico and medical schools in China, conducting the basic research which led to the atomic bomb (of this, he says, he is not very proud) and building the 200-inch telescope on Mt. Palomar.

After the defeat of the League the Rockefeller Foundation gave Fosdick a chance to prove his favorite point: that national boundary lines mean very little in the real progress of mankind. In fact the foundation became, in a sense, a kind of world government in miniature, involved in everything that helped and healed men, regardless of flag or color.

This book is not all a chronicle of good deeds and worthy causes. It has much humor and warmth, and many revealing anecdotes of famous men of the past half century. (Fosdick does not think as highly of the two Roosevelts—Teddy and FDR—as he did of Wilson, and tells why.) The early chapters describing his boyhood in western New York at the turn of the century are delightful reading. His grandfather and father were both prominent educators in Buffalo; from their Connecticut Yankee ancestry the Fosdicks inherited a compulsion to teach and preach. In Raymond's older brother, Harry Emerson, this flowered into a notable career as pastor of the Riverside Church in New York. But Raymond was dissatisfied early about conventional religion. From discussions around the dinner table, from reading Darwin and Spencer, and also Emerson and Tennyson, he gradually evolved a practical, humanitarian religion of his own which omitted a personal God but carried a responsibility to be always up and doing.

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# The Science and Cycles of State

***"The Evolution of Political Thought," by C. Northcote Parkinson*** *(Houghton Mifflin. 327 pp. $5), studies the progression of political order, not only in the Western world, but in Africa, Asia, and South America as well. Hans Kohn, who assesses Dr. Parkinson's conclusions, is professor of history at the City College of New York.*

By Hans Kohn

PROFESSOR PARKINSON, well known to Americans as the author of the highly popular book "Parkinson's Law," presents in "The Evolution of Political Thought" an unorthodox and challenging approach to political theory. He does not understand "evolution" in a chronological sense. Instead, the book, which deals with all periods of history, is divided into four parts, according to the chief forms of political order: monarchy, oligarchy, democracy, and dictatorship. One of the great advantages of the book is that it does not confine its discussion to the modern Western world. It has frequent and illuminating references to India and China, Africa and Japan, to South America and to primitive antiquity.

The author's attitude will startle many readers. He has no preference among the four forms of government which he discusses. He discovers in all history so far a cycle "which begins with monarchy, to be superseded by aristocracy, which is replaced by democracy, which ends in dictatorship, which may well be the prelude to monarchy again." Such a cycle may exist in some or even in many cases. From the historian's point of view it may be doubted whether the fact that dictatorship followed "democracy" in Germany, Italy, or Hungary would prove much. Democracy never took root in these countries. Dictatorship has not so far, nor is there any serious prospect of its following democracy in the United States, in Britain, or in Scandinavia.

On the other hand, every historian will agree that dictatorship has not always been harmful. Under certain circumstances dictators can be "good," even necessary. But Professor Parkinson insists that even in the case "of frankly tyrannical rule, it is not always clear that the possible alternative would not have been worse. In a comparison of tangible achievement many dictatorships might be found to have a better record than many democracies." As the main argument against dictatorship, Professor Parkinson stresses its personal character. After the dictator, what? He quotes an admirer of Mussolini who dreaded Mussolini's death because without him Italy would be like an orphan or a crippled child. "The sternest critic of Fascism," Professor Parkinson insists, "can add little to that." In reality it was not Mussolini's disappearance which was a misfortune for Italy, but his rule. Italy under Mussolini was like a crippled child. Under his leadership it went from defeat to defeat.

Some of the most challenging remarks by Professor Parkinson are thrown out in a very apodictic way. Democracy, he writes, "led to Socialism, which was widespread in 1895 and triumphant by about 1910. By 1930 the period of Socialistic democracy was practically over." Nor would most German historians agree with the statement that there was in modern Germany in the late nineteenth century "a strong liberal movement which had turned towards Socialism and gained a measure of Socialist legislation in Bismarck's time," or that in 1918 the German "proletariat gained power."

IN CONCLUSION, Professor Parkinson rightly pleads for research in political thought unhampered from the outset by unsubstantiated assumptions. "When, if ever, states prove sufficiently enlightened to accept advice based on patient investigation rather than on crude emotion and selfish interest," a new era of political science may start. It is interesting to note that Professor Parkinson doubts "whether any Western democracy is so constituted as to be capable either of experiment or of self-reform. For progress in the science of art of politics we should look perhaps, first and foremost, to India; and eventually to China."

—Wide World.

Lord Altrincham—"... slapped by a Queen's champion."

# Palace Revolutionary

***"Is the Monarchy Perfect?" by Lord Altrincham and Others*** *(Taplinger. 151 pp. $2.75), is a Palace revolutionary's argument for a modernization of the Crown, which, when first published as a series of articles, piqued many a Briton. Maurice Edelman, who considers the controversy, is both a novelist and Labour MP.*

By Maurice Edelman

HAVING challenged the assumption that the monarch is perfect, Lord Altrincham got slapped by a Queen's champion; but in suffering that physical indignity and other ill-use, he found that he and a dozen other publicists were liberated from the tradition that it was bad form to criticize the Palace. And as subsequent court reforms have shown, certain Royal Persons themselves have proved "plus Altrincham qu'Altrincham." The debs are no more; the presentation parties are ended; the Prince of Wales goes to school and not to a private tutor.

It all began, in a sense, when Lord Altrincham, editor of the Conservative *National and English Review*, published in August, 1957, a series of articles entitled "The Monarch Today," now regrouped and expanded in this present book. Its theme was that the British monarch in a republican century should associate itself more fully with the people as a whole than with a single social class, that the Queen herself should adjust her personality to the real rather than to the magical nature of her office, and that the sphere of her dominion should be more directly the Commonwealth than the British Isles. Lord Altrincham's closely argued case for reform would have attracted

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attention at any time since he was neither a Marxist nor even a republican; he was quite simply a Palace revolutionary, fearful that the monarchical structure was in danger of decay through an excess of social and institutional inbreeding. But the effect of his own essay was dramatized by a few clumsy and now notorious personal references to the Queen: "style of speaking which is frankly 'a pain in the neck'," "appears unable to string even a few sentences together without a written text," and so on—which had the effect on many Britons of loud swearing in church.

Who is this pipsqueak, this exhibitionist, they asked, who dares criticize Her Majesty? Well, the answer was, of course, that Lord Altrincham is the son of a famous and ennobled civil servant and that he had shown the sincerity of his constitutional principles by refusing to take his seat in the House of Lords, on the grounds that he didn't believe in hereditary peerages. "I can well imagine what a beastly specimen you were at your preparatory school—the sort who hit boys smaller and weaker than yourself," one young lady wrote to Lord Altrincham from the genteel seaside town of Bournemouth. So far from hitting at the feeble, he had flicked his glove at the Establishment represented by the Court, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the *Times*, the BBC, and the conservatism of the people.

DESPITE the yelps of the Irritable Young Men, most of the British like things the way they are. They like the feudalism of Windsor, the totems of Ascot, the ecclesiastical voice that rumbles from Lambeth Palace when the nation is troubled. As Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge suggests in his ruminatory essay "No Bicycle for Queen Elisabeth," the monarchy on wheels after the Scandinavian example is not what the British want. Pageantry, banners, halberds in sunshine, the march and the countermarch of Guardsmen in the uniform they wore at Inkerman—that's what a modern democracy wants, and that's what British democracy has, to its immense satisfaction and of those who come to view it.

And that is the weakness of Lord Altrincham's otherwise powerful analysis of the British monarchy. We in Britain had our revolution several hundred years ago, since which time we have learnt to become phlegmatic about politics, evolving a pragmatic constitution and an empirical method of government. But all of that would be much too drab if there weren't the picturesque though pious ideal to accompany it of the King as father, the Queen as mother, and the Royal Family as family. Ordinary men and women never like government in the abstract; but they frequently like their governors when the paternal, maternal, and familial image is bright and amiable enough.

SO IT is in Britain. As one of Lord Altrincham's contributors points out, the cost of monarchy is far less annually than a single atom bomb. No one who has seen the hundreds of thousands who flock from the poorest suburbs to greet the Queen or the Duke on a Royal occasion can doubt that it is a low price to pay for an institution which simultaneously provides leadership, entertainment, and psychotherapy.

"Is the Monarchy Perfect?" consists of Lord Altrincham's original views reinforced by an *esprit d'escalier* following the row that he set off. He now makes, for example, a distinction between the real attack on the Queen's style of speaking and his alleged attack, for which he was most assailed, on her actual voice. But that, as any practising politician or journalist could have told him, is much too subtle a distinction for the general public. In the purely personal clash between the Queen as monarch and Lord Altrincham, she, hardworking, charming, womanly, and silent, won hands down in the popular view. But Lord Altrincham's wider fire, reconcentrated in this present book, effectively struck a different quarry —the stuffies of the entourage, the Court flunkeys, who, though usefully decorative in some respects, were nuisances when they hid the monarch from the people and the people from the monarch.

Lord Altrincham's great merit was to make people think about the nature of accepted institutions. He is the eternal *enfant terrible* as indiscreet about the clothes of the Emperor of China as about the tweeds of the Queen's courtiers. His admirable book of essays should induce a reexamination of certain taken-for-granted political concepts far beyond Britain. For example, is a republic necessarily a democracy? Perhaps some French or American Altrincham will be bold enough to answer.

# Flight by Instruments

By Judson Jerome

AFTER, at Cincinnati, the March morning scabs of snow
along the runway, the roaring lift in a basement of atmosphere
and, inside, signs (no smoking, fasten belts) blinked off,
after the pull off up in grey absorbing air

we drowned in spit-thick fog, unstirred by our engines,
our thrashing doubtfulness, struggle from depth, beating
the neutral gas. We could not see from here to there,
but followed, we knew, up front, some gadget tweeting.

From the seat behind the wing values, though, were gone:
no forward, backward, up nor down, nor color in the fog.
Even the engine thunder seemed subjective. A fear
that anything might materialize gave way to a negative nag

that there was nothing anywhere to hit. But when
one wing like a swimmer's arm broke through and we heaved
our great silver weight into the clear, the pale spring sun
grinned foolishly alone, a seal of foil, to be believed,

assertive on a blank blue document. That simple sun
was glad as reason as we sped on a straight course, now, high
above the cloud curled innocent as lard: inside
we reached for magazines. Our engines hummed to the day

until Dayton called us down, to sigh through all
that fog again, and East and South were only in the mind.
We turned our topcoats, spattered on the bottom of the tank,
snarled in traffic along thin highways of the land,

more faithful, though, for one brief trip in the sun
which must be still, silly as a saint, up there
above this spew we breathe—not to God, but to sun and color,
to up and down, to men who ride the ether like a prayer.

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# Poet-Protagonist Against Mankind

***"The Day on Fire," by James Ramsey Ullman*** *(World. 701 pp. $5.95), is a fictional re-creation of the strange and adventurous life of the French poet Rimbaud.* SR*'s reviewer is Wallace Fowlie, who teaches French literature at Bennington College.*

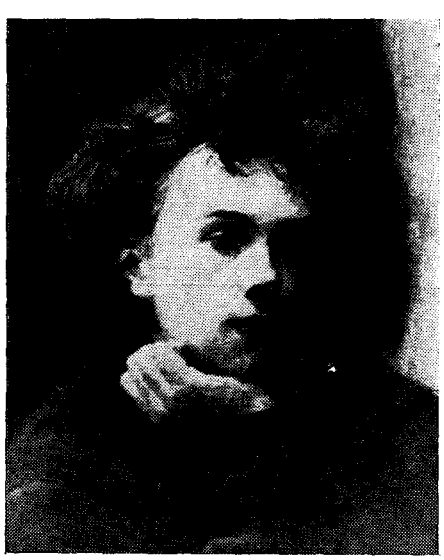
By Wallace Fowlie

THE title "The Day on Fire" is the translation of a line, *"Et le jour en feu,"* taken from a poem of Arthur Rimbaud which appears in his spiritual autobiography, "A Season in Hell." In its general structure, the book follows the life story of Rimbaud, but it is distinctly a novel and not a biography. Except for a few historical personages, such as Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, the names are changed. Rimbaud himself is Claude Morel, Verlaine is Maurice Druand, the teacher Izambard is Chariol. Some of the characters are invented—Germaine Lautier, for example, a girl who loves Morel and who marries Chariol. Many of the known characteristics are maintained in the fictionalized Rimbaud and his mother, in Verlaine and his wife, in Izambard and the poet's sister, Isabelle, but there are so many changes of fact, so many alterations and additions, that the novel may puzzle and even perturb the student of Rimbaud.

The translated texts of Rimbaud are constantly used throughout the book: the poems, the prose poems from *"Les Illuminations,"* and the letters. As they are often quoted earlier or later in the fictional narrative than the time of their actual composition in Rimbaud's life, the reader who knows Rimbaud the poet will be overconscious of the novelist's effort to use the passages out of their context and hence to force biographical meanings from the poems. But for the general reader, who will not be disturbed by the extensive use of Rimbaud's texts in the life story of Claude Morel, nor by the many changes of fact in the life of Rimbaud, "The Day on Fire" will be a novel of large proportions in which many of the scenes are treated in an almost epic manner.

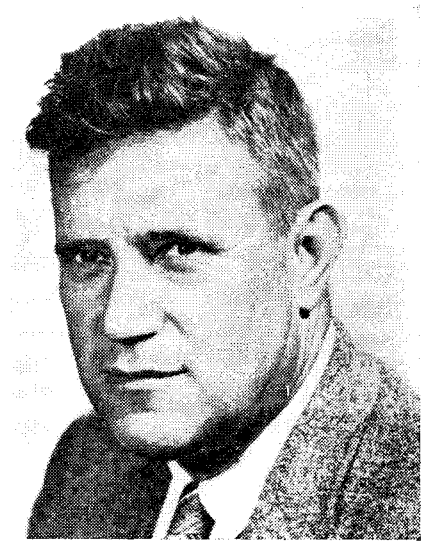
The geographical places in the poet's life are carefully and sympathetically evoked by Mr. Ullman: the small town of the Ardennes, in northern France, where the poet was born and spent his early years and to which he returned at the end of his life; the first flights to Paris by train and on foot; the life in Parisian cafés and small hotels which he knew with his poet friend; London, to which the two poets escaped and where they tried to earn their own living by teaching French. These are the first scenes of the novel. After the quarrel when Morel (Rimbaud) is shot in the knee (a curious alteration of fact) by his friend, the geographical scenes widen to other countries of Europe through which the poet wanders, and finally, to the Red Sea coasts, to Harar, and to Abyssinia.

Here, in the second half of the book, Mr. Ullman's art reaches its maximum scope where the poet's African adventure of merchant, slaver, and gunrunner unfolds in rich detail of scenes and characters and conflicting motives. The poet turns materialist and reveals traits of his mother, against whom he had struggled as a child and adolescent. For the first time in his life he reaches a kind of happiness in his love for an African woman. The physically difficult life of the Frenchman in Africa, which Mr. Ullman narrates in full realistic detail is never allowed to dominate the inner quest for peace, the resolution of all the animosities of the protagonist toward his family, his class, his country, and mankind itself.



*—From a painting by Fantin Latour.*

**Rimbaud—". . . inner quest for peace."**



**Jesse Stuart—". . . solid shape of legend."**

# Mountain Magic

***"Plowshare in Heaven," by Jesse Stuart*** *(McGraw-Hill. 273 pp. $4.50), is a collection of short stories about country folk in the mountain region of Kentucky. Borden Deal, our reviewer, is the author of "Dunbar's Cove."*

By Borden Deal

FOR many years now, Jesse Stuart has been distilling into words his own particular brand of Kentucky mountain magic. In poetry, novels, short stories, and his personal reminiscences as schoolteacher, lecturer, poet, and writer he has from the beginning worked in an artful simplicity that has the solid, enduring shape of legend.

His prose and his people remain. I could not have been more than twelve years old the first time I read Jesse Stuart—but I remember, as vividly as yesterday, that piece about his mother, published in *Household Magazine*, and how she walked up the blackberry path in the early morning with her pipe smoke curling fragrant behind her.

Now, in "Plowshare in Heaven," Jesse Stuart has brought together twenty vintage years of short stories. Here are twenty-one stories, from magazines as diverse as *Esquire* and the *University of Kansas City Review*, ranging from the sheer hilarity of "Rich Men" to the touching sentiment of the title story. The characters are memorable, such as Zeke Hammertight, who had raised children as thick as sassafras sprouts and fought to the end against leaving his hills, and Bird-Neck, who sold his body to the hospital to pay his debts and his

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taxes with enough left over for a two-gallon jug—and got the best of the bargain; and Old Dick, the mule who was dangerous only when you did something wrong.

Every story has something good; and every reader will choose his own favorites. I like best of all "Walk in the Moon Shadows" for its fine subtlety and feeling, and "A Land Beyond the River" for its sense of inevitable and continuing family tragedy. But one mustn't forget Uglybird in "The Reaper and the Flowers," who loved his wife more than anyone knew, or Grandma Shelton, in "Settin'-up with Grandma," who gave up heaven and came back from beyond to set the record straight about her favorite son. And you might like as well "Alec's Cabin" and "Grandpa" for their feeling of trueness, or "The Devil and Television" for its funny and touching conflict between the old Kentucky and the new.

But one thing is sure—Jesse Stuart is one of our finest and truest storytellers. You'll remember these people as long as I've remembered that image of his mother—and that's been twenty-five years. You can't ask more of any writer and his work.

# Hell in a Toned-Up Pub

***"The Cautious Heart," by William Sansom** (Reynal. 186 pp. $3.50), is a novel about a strange triangle that includes a composer, a painter, and a woman. It is reviewed by Leo Lerman, a well-known critic of modern fiction.*

By Leo Lerman

IN A RECENT talk at a National Book League meeting in London, William Sansom, British novelist, short story writer, and essayist, is quoted as saying, "Life is too fantastic to be put into novels." In his fifth novel, "The Cautious Heart," he continues to put life (and quite fantastic it inevitably is) into his novels. His fantastic life does not usually partake of the unreal or of the imaginary. He creates no wild and extravagant world. His are everyday people—at least visibly they are the people seen on buses or walking anonymously. Nevertheless, once transliterated by Sansom, the ordinary people can murder and sometimes do. And they all love—one another, things, places, themselves. Beneath their prosiness all is passion and hotness. Even when they hate they love in William Sansom's passionate North.

"The Cautious Heart" is a short novel, not even 200 pages long. But within this economy three people quietly go through hell. In a toned-up pub a composer-pianist meets a woman (Marie) and with her is a painter of sorts (Colin). Composer falls in love with woman, who loves him back, but why, then, is she utterly concerned with good-for-nothing-save-making-trouble old Colin? What part of her heart nourishes Colin, is nourished by him? There, in its baldest terms, is "The Cautious Heart." It would be impolitic to reveal what does finally happen to the composer, Marie, or Colin. Mr. Sansom would have us believe that the Colins are always with us. They are, but so is poison ivy. Only the sick, sick, sick welcome that into their gardens.

Such is William Sansom's literary art that everything, even the unwritten details and atmosphere, is known about his cautious hearts. In the past Mr. Sansom's fictions have been flawed frequently by his remarkable ability to convey geographical places. Some of his stories have been more travelogue than tale. He has been more atmospherist than storyteller. In "The Cautious Heart" locale becomes character and character is action; the whole is William Sansom's most successful novel.

**MAN AGAINST THE WORLD:** Adriaan van der Veen's **"The Intruder"** (Abelard-Schuman, $3.50) is typical of a certain category of postwar Dutch novels. The short narrative is in the first person; time, place, and story are less precisely defined than the author's thoughts about the case of the world versus himself.

The situation challenging the "I" in this book is the lack of collective guilt feeling in our world, at the end of World War II, about the horrors perpetrated by the Nazis on the Jewish population of Europe. This attitude shows itself in such inhuman remarks as: "Those refugees should be glad just to be alive . . . in Europe they put them in gas-chambers." However, an important problem is not enough to produce an effective novel.

"The Intruder" is set in New York during the last months of the war. The narrator, a Dutchman who had come to live here in 1939, becomes involved with a Dutch Jewish refugee, a girl named Vera. Through her he is confronted with the problem of anti-Semitism; not anti-Semitism as a universal phenomenon, but the special inimicality which the refugees from Hitler experienced in their new American surroundings. He wants to help them in their fight although he is sharply aware of the fact that he is an outsider. When an incident in the final pages of the book brings him face to face with a police officer who asks him, "Are you a Jew too?," he answers falsely, "Yes," and thus feels finally committed in this battle.

In its style "The Intruder" is rasping and dry; the give-and-take in the author's relationship with Vera remains unexplored, and we are left to wonder what they "see in each other." The girl relates how she was once assaulted on a dark street near her American college campus—an incident which is probably meant to explain her sexual indifference, but is not further developed—and her announcement that this could have happened to her only because she is Jewish sounds as unreal as the naïve gratitude of the refugees when the narrator, though a Gentile, is found ready to attend one of their meetings. More crucial, "art does not argue," and Adriaan van der Veen has not quite succeeded in transforming his argument into art. Thus his preoccupations provoke impatience rather than sympathy.

—HANS KONINGSBERGER.

# Criminal Record

**A LITTLE SIN.** *By William Hardy. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Math professor in North Carolina college discovers body of co-ed who had crush on him; attempt to lie doggo blows up and academic calm is violently shattered; hero in real jam until terminal revelations clear air. Unusual and effective.

**THE CASE OF THE TRIPLE TWIST.** *By Christopher Bush. Macmillan.* $2.95. Four-years-past gem heist becomes news again as Ludovic Travers, learned London eye, devotes holidays to lone-wolf re-creation of crime in suburban market-town; Inspector Jewle of Scotland Yard also interested. Pleasant, but overcomplicated.

**DING DONG BELL.** *By Helen Reilly. Random House.* $2.95. New York ad gal's impending marriage to well-heeled widower in jeopardy when she discovers mystery private eye shot dead at desk; Inspector McKee digs into formidable mine of concealments and comes up with anwer. Very involved. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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Saturday Review

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# Reflections on the Brink

THE RESPITE didn't last very long. Within a few days after the Middle Eastern crisis subsided the world was confronted again by the thumping reality of two Chinas and one potential world war. When Communist China started shooting to back up her claim to the islands just off her shore, the resultant situation dramatized once again the growing precariousness of life on this planet.

A war over Quemoy and Matsu is not quite the same as a localized war such as took place in Korea. This is no limited military action involving a few gunboats and the Seventh Fleet. This is the main show—a total war involving the three largest nations in the world, all of which have made it clear that they will hold nothing back, neither missiles nor rockets nor nuclear bombs. The initial explosions may take place off the China coast but there may be no way of stopping the atomic furnace once it starts. It feeds itself; there are thousands of hydrogen bomb boosters to keep it going and growing.

There is an instant reply to this line of reasoning. It will be said that the United States must not allow itself to become intimidated or paralyzed in dealing with Communist threats because of the possibility of a nuclear holocaust. It will be said further that world communism will confront us with one military threat after another if we ever succumb to this atomic blackmail.

The trouble with this line of argument is that it assumes two things. First, that the other fellow will back down once we make it clear that we intend to start shooting. Second, that we can still achieve our objective if he doesn't back down but shoots back instead. As for the first assumption, the same this-is-the-time-to-draw-the-line and we-can't-afford-to-turn-away arguments may hold with the other fellow. As for the second assumption, the idea that military victory is obtainable in a nuclear shooting war is as outmoded as the medieval fort. War no longer works. In today's world, nations do not wage war; they wage mutual suicide.

This brings us to the main point. If the United States is serious about trying to halt the spread of communism in the world it will develop the kind of policy that is likely to be effective. First, we can give up our sleight-of-hand policy with respect to the United Nations—now-we-use-it, now-we-don't. We can make the United Nations central, not tangential, in our foreign policy. We can recognize that there is no security for us or anyone outside of a world organization strong enough to deal with basic causes of war and world tension; strong enough to enforce its decisions; strong enough to have a direct connection with peoples rather than governments—a U.N. concerned with the operation of justice rather than the juggling of sovereign wills. And if it is said that communism will oppose the development of the United Nations into such a world organization, then the answer is that we should proceed to make this the central issue. We can also attempt to mobilize the world's peoples behind our advocacy of those measures that can free men from the fear of universal extermination and release their energies for a saner and better life.

Second, we can tune in on what is happening in the rest of the world, especially as it concerns the determination of the majority of the world's peoples to free themselves from outside rule. In some areas, we take the position that our own political and economic interests are in conflict with the effort of peoples to achieve national liberty. This position is as perilous as it is narrow. It sees no justice except in terms of our own needs. Nothing is more likely to endanger our real security than a policy that separates us from the support and good will of the predominant weight of mankind.

Third, we can inject some sense of utopian adventure into the present human situation. This could be the most exciting and creative period in human history. Never has there been a more dramatic or fruitful field for the scientific or social intelligence. Our potential conquests are not theoretical; they are within reach. We can probe the virus or soar into outer space. We can harness the sun, make rain, control winds, draw energy from the seas. We can, in short, equip our planet with the means to make life fuller and more meaningful than any generation of men has known before.

Coming back to the present Chinese crisis, nothing we do in behalf of our own security is likely to work unless we are identified with a great idea or a moral cause. The tragic weakness with our policy about the offshore islands is that it is void of moral substance. It is connected with no great principle of justice. It lays no claim on the sympathy or support of other peoples. It doesn't identify the United States with any of the big questions that have such a powerful hold on the human conscience. We dare not even take the issue before the United Nations because this would only serve to dramatize our lack of support in the world. It does no credit to the American people for the world to know that we are ready to go before the United Nations only on those issues where we are likely to win.

A democratic nation faces its greatest danger not when it is up against a frightening concentration of force but when the people of that nation become detached from their government, when they fail to make their will known, when they convince themselves they are helpless to take part in the big decisions that have to be made, when they fail to get the necessary information, when they fail to communicate with one another, when they separate themselves from their ideals. The danger from such a tragic detachment is at least as real today as the billowing smoke over Quemoy. —N. C.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### MAN NOT MACHINE

IT WAS REFRESHING to read Marshall Fishwick's article "The Big Search for America" (*SR* Aug. 16).

Imagine a contemporary serious writer who dares to say that "machines have not reduced us to robots."

Most prejudiced intellectuals appear to be seeking a simplification of phraseology with which to wrap up their pet theories on why our society is as it is and why it got that way.

CORMAC C. THOMPSON.

Prosser, Wash.

### HISTORICAL NONSENSE

I TRIED HARD TO discover a point to Marshall Fishwick's essay "The Big Search for America." It appeared to be: Virginia's history displays little relevance to the "big trends" summarized by liberal, northern historians (Nevins, Schlesinger, Commager *et al.*); therefore, their generalizations are worthless.

Patently, this is nonsense. Some historians may believe "the chief characteristic of the American pattern is a lack of pattern" but few great historians have followed the precept in practice.

JEROME ZUKOSKY.

New York, N. Y.

### FUNNIES ARE FUN

POGO HAD ME looking so poignantly at the Abominable Snowman (*SR* Aug. 30) that I've started reading the Funnies after all these years of not reading them. It's just possible I've been missing something. I thank the Saturday Review.

MRS. BYRON B. SMITH.

San Jose, Calif.

### HEMINGWAY HURLY-BURLY

IF ANY NONSENSE is afoot in the Hemingway vs. *Esquire* affair, Jerome Beatty, Jr., has perpetrated a major part of it. (*SR* Aug. 23). In the first place he overlooks the fact that anyone who wishes to exhume the early Hemingway can still go to a good public library, check out the 1938-1939 issues of *Esquire*, and read "The Denunciation," *et al.*

Beatty also adopts the view that a writer owes it to posterity to leave his work alone. He comes up with Conrad, James, Dickens, Yeats, and George Moore as authors who have recast their early efforts. Why go so far? William Faulkner has been quietly indulging in this kind of duplicity for years. Nor *Scribner's*, nor *Saturday Evening Post*, nor critics, nor public, nor even Faulkner himself has lifted an eyebrow. So why all this hurly-burly about Hemingway anyway?

HOWARD C. KEY.

Denton, Texas.

### I AM A CAMERA

HAVING JUST READ the article about Hemingway in *SR*, I came across the following in Sean O'Faolain's introduction to the new edition of his short stories, recently issued by Rupert Hart-Davis in London:

"A story is like a picture, caught in the flick of a camera's trigger, that comes nearer and nearer to clarity in the bath of hypo which is the writer's blend of skill and imagination; he trembles over it as the bleach trembles and wavers over the sensitive halides of the film, waiting for the final perfection of his certainty, of his desire. Then the experience, complete or incomplete, is fixed forever. You can rewrite while you are the same man. To rewrite years after is a form of forgery."

KENNETH S. DAVIS.

Chicago, Ill.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Do not abandon your theories yet, Dr. Freud. Perhaps you only need more to work with."

### WRITER'S RIGHTS

THE STORM OVER whether Hemingway has the right to rewrite his own works raises a real monster. Who owns the artist? When the work of art is an actual thing, the ownership of the thing passes when the artist sells it. But a story is not a thing. It is a collection of ideas, a creation of the mind, and has no physical existence. This is why it is so hard to specify publishing rights and writer's rights. The art exists in the mind of the writer, and the mind can operate on the work of art as long as it functions. Any other conclusion is a limitation of freedom.

WILLIAM E. MASSEE.

New York, N. Y.

### FIDDLING FLAUBERT

I FOUND JEROME BEATTY'S Hemingway article informative and diverting, but I wish to record a dissenting view regarding his idea that a writer ought not to revise his published work. When an author revises profusely (as did Henry James, for example) a reader following a work through its successive revisions is afforded the opportunity to witness and examine the process of the development of an artist.

Wasn't it, after all, Flaubert's prodigious "fiddling" that gave us *Madame Bovary*?

ROBERT A. PERLONGO.

Camp Wellfleet, Mass.

### "PAPA'S" POT-BOILERS

HAS IT OCCURRED to anyone that perhaps Hemingway now sees his *Chicote* stories as the "pot-boilers" they were?

RICHARD GLOTFELTY.

Briceland, Calif.

### WHITE OR HEMINGWAY?

Hemingway

T. S. White

FROM HERE THE man on this week's (Aug. 23) cover looks like Hemingway. How did this T. S. White get in?

MRS. ARTHUR GALBRAITH.

Springfield, Mo.

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## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

### Neo-Realism In Benares

ALTHOUGH India each year turns out more than twice as many pictures as our own studios, the number that find their way to these shores is pitifully small. The reasons are not hard to understand—at least, not once you have seen a few of them. Physically, the standard Indian movie resembles the skimpiest Hollywood product of a decade ago. Hastily made, thinly budgeted, their acting is wooden, their stories cliché, their settings sleazy. Furthermore, the Indians seem to like their movies long and studded with musical numbers. Every ten minutes or so, no matter how somber the scene, someone is bound to break into a song or a troupe of dancing girls whirls by. Actually, to Occidental eyes these are the most interesting moments in the pictures. For potential American distributors, however, they pose a real problem. Obviously, no American audience is going to sit through upwards of three hours of indifferent movie making, no matter how exotic. But what should be cut, the story or the music? Most distributors have side-stepped this dilemma by simply not handling Indian features.

At last, however, it has occurred to someone in India that the camera need not be used solely to reproduce shabby variants of the same trite formulae. It could be used to show the world the everyday life of the Indian people rather than *papier-maché* palace romances. It could be used to engender sympathy and understanding for the Indian peasant, in much the same way that the films of the Italian neo-realists won regard for the poor of their native land. Indeed, it was the neo-realism of Vittorio De Sica, along with the humanism of such giants as Jean Renoir and Robert Flaherty, that directly inspired Satyajit Ray to make his much-honored **"Pather Panchali"** (Harrison). Although based on an Indian novel, it emerges as essentially a series of closely observed, sensitively recorded incidents that happen to a humble family living in wretched poverty in a small Benares village.

By every ordinary standard, the film is sprawling and shapeless, lacking in either dramatic values or narrative drive. But Mr. Ray was not trying to tell an ordinary story. He wanted to provide an insight into a way of life, to make us see the poverty and hardship, the love and tenderness, and the ineffable grace of gesture and ceremony that are the daily routine of millions of his countrymen. In a sense, his film is a documentary, but with none of the rigors that the word so often implies. It is a *human* documentary, a rich and often beautiful, often poignant introduction to a people we need to know more about. "Pather Panchali" is the first film in a projected trilogy; in the second section, "Aparajito" (which captured top honors at Venice just a year ago), Mr. Ray moves his hard-pressed little family from the country to Calcutta. Clearly, a national epic is in the making.

* * *

For the past few years, the British film makers have also been making stabs at a kind of national epic. They have been going back to incidents in their recent past—and particularly back to World War II—as if intent on discovering, in this day of uncertainty and confusion, those values that once spelt survival. Sir Michael Balcon's **"Dunkirk"** (M-G-M) is the latest and also the most explicit of these attempts, a large-scale recreation (with the aid of considerable newsreel footage) of what was perhaps Britain's darkest hour. Singling out a dozen individuals, soldiers and civilians alike, it follows them through the panic of retreat, the organization of small craft into a rescue party, and the grim meeting of ships and men on the bloody beaches of Dunkirk. Strangely enough, although all this is played by such sterling actors as John Mills, Richard Attenborough and Bernard Lee with characteristic under-emphasis, the whole panorama rarely comes to life in human terms. Possibly in England, where both the incidents and the references have greater immediacy, the emotional impact is supplied by the spectator: All these films have met with tremendous success over there. On this side of the water, however, "Dunkirk" seems remote, unfocussed; we feel we neither know nor care as much about these men as we should.

* * *

Members of the **"Lucky Jim"** fan club will be delighted to learn that their favorite angry young man—and if not angry, certainly mad—has been brought to the screen with most of his inane charm intact. True, Kingsley Amis's antic excursion into an ivy-clad, state-supported seat of higher learning has been broadened a bit by the Boulting Brothers for movie purposes, and one or two favorites have been dropped from the *dramatis personae*. But Ian Carmichael has preserved the essence of our rebellious conformist, face-making and all. And the remainder of the cast, including Terry-Thomas, Hugh Griffith and Sharon Acker, has been as shrewdly assembled, a glorious collection of intellectual lunatics to bedevil Lucky Jim.

* * *

Every once in awhile I receive a note from a moderately irate reader asking if perhaps he and I had seen two different pictures bearing the same title. And, to be quite honest, occasionally that is indeed the case. The latest instance would be Carl Foreman's "The Key," which we saw here in New York with an unhappy ending, i.e., William Holden did not get Sophia Loren. But Foreman, it seems, shot two endings to his picture—a happy ending (in which, incidentally, he believes), and an unhappy ending because he feared that the Production Code, which ordinarily frowns at love triumphant in extra-marital relationships, might insist upon it. As it happened, the Code people felt that Holden and Miss Loren had suffered enough in the picture to warrant a happy fade-out, but made up their minds too late for the New York opening. Outside of New York you, and Foreman, may be pleased to know that Holden makes that train. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

### FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 795

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 795 will be found in the next issue.*

J PJZI JLLIZFHTA HL

ATF AIRILLJZHMK FCI

AJBIO FZWFC.

—N. O. VZIAFHRI.

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 794*

Boys will be boys, and so will a lot of middle-aged men.

—'KIN' HUBBARD.

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## BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

### Directors at Work

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

TWO of the five plays the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre is offering here this year are "Pericles" and "Hamlet." The former is a blessed opportunity for a director, as it contains no star parts and he is left to work with the more malleable, if less famous, members of this annually recruited repertory company. It is also a seldom-performed play of which the first two acts are now thought to have been written by George Wilkins. Only the last three acts show evidence of Shakespeare's collaborative hand. This means that the director can take great liberties without offending the self-appointed Shakespeare custodians.

Tony Richardson, the rising young British director who brought the two John Osborne plays to Broadway last winter, has done exactly this by presenting this peripatetic piece almost as light opera. Since the play abounds in voyages and sea disasters, he immediately sets it afloat. We discover two crews of galley slaves singing a sea chanty which, though it sounds a bit like the recent popular record, "Big Man," effectively brews an atmosphere in which the events of the play will have credibility. We may not accept the ancient tale that Gower half tells, half sings to these slaves, but we do believe that they are listening to it and filling in the story with their own imagination.

With the aid of designer Loudon Sainthill, this rich and violent tale of ancient Tyre is vividly suggested for us. Since the lines are of less importance than they are in any other of Shakespeare's plays, Mr. Richardson can concentrate on making a rather fantastic story seem credible. One of the most difficult points to put across is that portion of the story which involves Pericles's lovely daughter, Marina, who has been sold into a brothel. Mr. Richardson disarms the audience by having Gower begin the episode and walk away from the drooling galley slaves just as the story becomes juicy. As Marina, Geraldine McEwan is the soul of beauty and virtue as she shames those who would violate her.

The scenes are not easy to act as they are all short and too widely separated in time, but this "Pericles" is a painless and unforgettably beautiful presentation with complete emphasis on story-telling.

"Hamlet," the thirteenth Shakespeare drama produced at Stratford by Glen Byam-Shaw, is a brilliant job of "interconnecting"; a device where every action and speech appears to grow out of a previous one. For example before Hamlet says, "God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another," he touches Ophelia's cheek and his fingers are contaminated with make-up which he wipes off on his trousers. This sort of direction makes the play less a series of isolated performances and more of a company effort.

There are other unusual directorial touches. The ghost's delivery of "Hamlet, Remember me!" as an outburst of uncontrolled emotion is much better than the traditional intonation. The king slapping the player who reenacts his own crime is both dramatic and psychologically revealing. Later when Hamlet says of his mother, "I will speak daggers to her, but use none," he removes his dagger and leaves it behind. Mr. Byam-Shaw compounds this bit of business into a marvelous irony when on his way to his mother's room Hamlet picks up the king's discarded sword, decides against murdering him with it, and a moment later uses it to kill Polonius.

Hamlet is played by Michael Redgrave whose just-published book, "Mask or Face" (Theatre Arts Books. $3.75), reveals him to be an advocate of the Stanislavski method.

Thus we find him giving unorthodox readings and seeking truth in his emotions. At times he concedes that Shakespeare was not a naturalist by employing an artificial gesture or response. He mentions in his book that he believes that Hamlet loved his father much more than he did his mother, and his performance challenges the traditional Freudian view. His Hamlet is admirably intelligent. Yet because Mr. Redgrave seems to have a built-in fuse which melts to break the current much too long before the emotional danger point is reached, this is something less than a great performance.

While no one should expect great performances all the time, Stratford productions are almost always far above average.

Indeed most performances are sold out well in advance, and several of my readers have complained that they never can get a seat. For their benefit I advance the following information. First: if you know five months in advance what day or days you will be in Stratford, you may write the theatre directly asking them for seats.

If you prefer to wait until you know what play you can see, the British Travel and Holiday Association distributes advance schedules through its New York offices about a month ahead of time. McBride's Ticket Agency in New York has an arrangement with Keith Prowse in London to fill your order, even though the theatre has already sold out its supply. If you are a blithe spirit, and have landed in London without a ticket, there is still a chance that the ticket agent in your London hotel can get you seats. If he cannot, don't give up. There are several all-inclusive bus tours which will supply you with tickets. Or, if you have an aversion to such junkets, a thirty-cent long distance call to any Stratford Hotel (The Shakespeare Hotel has the most tickets but charges a little more for them) may get you both a ticket and a room for the night.

If none of these devices proves fruitful, and you are determined to see Shakespeare played at Stratford, the theatre itself provides a final chance. At 10:30 a.m. each day it puts on sale 38 seats and 76 standing room tickets. If the play is very popular this means getting in line at dawn. But even after these seats have gone, you may stand in line outside the theatre during the day waiting for cancellations. Sometimes there are as many as seventy cancellations, and there are never less than a half dozen.

Let me hear no more about anyone skipping Stratford!

—HENRY HEWES.

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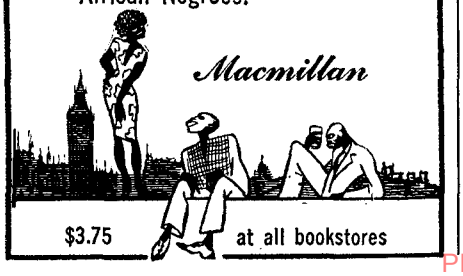

## MUSIC TO MY EARS

### Early Robbins, and Late

TWO COMPANIES combined to put a parenthesis around the balletic career of Jerome Robbins in the activity which aroused New York from its seasonal inertia—one was the New York City Ballet, which opened its City Center season with "Interplay" (of 1945), the other his own company at the Alvin. It brought us up to date on "New York Export, op. Jazz," which Robbins did for the Spoletto Festival during the summer just past, also filling in those who might have missed them previously on "3 x 3," "Afternoon of a Faun" and "The Concert."

Taking everything together, the conclusion seems clear that like most worthwhile creators in any field Robbins has become more himself as time passes. That is to say, the kind of talent displayed in "Interplay," a genial work to a not very complex score of Morton Gould, might have gone anyplace—to seed, to chi-chi, to cliché, to convention, to complication. Thanks to the abrasive elements in Robbins' creative compound, it has gone toward consummation, in an ever more-sharply defined, smoothly integrated realization of the patterns in space which animate his mind.

The semantics of movement are still lacking in organization for a ready reference to the qualities which make Balanchine's, generically different from Robbins', Tudor's from Massine's, and Ashton's from all the others. Doubtless it relates to a center of bodily gravity, a "tonality" perhaps, around which the sense of movement functions. With Robbins it strikes me as lower on the physical scale than any of the others, with a quality which gives a fresh meaning to the expression "down to earth."

Even in such a work as "3 x 3" in which the six dancers and the woodwind trio on stage execute a wind trio of Georges Auric "to the nines," the lightness and buoyancy function earthward rather than skyward. The enlivening humor of Robbins' response to the engaging score of Auric is never so involved with technical elaborations that the dancers are over-extended. A general sense of lightness was much enhanced by placing each of the musicians on a separate perch atop a ladder at stage rear, with bunches of gayly colored balloons serving as decor. The musicians (William Criss, oboe, Loren Glickman, bassoon, and Emery Davis, clarinet) wore their battered top hats with as much composure as they did the intricacies of Auric's writing, while the sextet of dancers executed their Pierrot and Pierrette functions with suitable semi-seriousness. When one of the female trio simulated a lift of her male partner with hands around his waist, the particular point of this anecdote was achieved.

In "New York Export, op. Jazz" Robbins is working and reworking a preoccupation with the jazz idiom as a refreshment for the classical vocabulary of movement which has been with him from "Fancy Free" to "West Side Story" and, along the way, in "Age of Anxiety," "Fanfare" and "Pied Piper." In this instance he profits much from the score of Robert Prince, a young composer whose jazz impulse derives from the popular background, rather than being imposed upon it (as in some other scores Robbins has used in the past). There is, clearly, an over-exuberant use of percussion in the score as it presently stands, but the five sections show real fluency in the use of riffs, variations and rhythmic changes on the good basic material. The orchestra profited much from the explicit direction of Werner Torkanowsky. Of special interest were "Improvisation" (suggesting a choreographic jam section) and "Theme, variations and fugue."

THE pleasures of the program were much enhanced by the inclusion of "Afternoon of a Faun" (being particularly well danced by Wilma Curley and Jay Norman) and a revised version of "The Concert." In this hilarious concept, Robbins purports to be exploring the minds of a group of listeners to a pianist playing Chopin, but he doesn't deny himself the pleasure of caricaturing a dance subject or two (can one forget that "Les Sylphides" is also danced to Chopin?) in the midst of showing some recognizable concert hall *types*, as they walk through Robbins' mind while *he* is trying to listen to Chopin. Betty Waldberg's carefully colored playing at the piano contributed much to the total, as did the forecurtain of Saul Steinberg. Todd Bolender, Maria Karlinova and Patricia Dunn headed a company in which every performer was of equal importance, and quality. The glitter of a happy occasion was heightened by the Irene Sharaff costumes (those for "N.Y. Export, op. Jazz," were by Ben Shahn and Florence Klotz). —IRVING KOLODIN.

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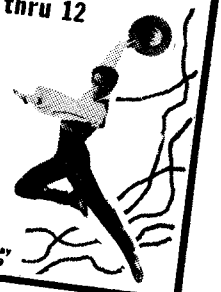

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## TV AND RADIO

### Action in Thirty Cities

I HAVE been trying for some time to discover why intelligent people who will cheerfully set out to overthrow a corrupt city government or to alter the status of labor unions or shift major league ball clubs are totally defeatist about the quality of television service they are getting. My tentative conclusions are these:

► People think that any action to be effective must be on a national scale.

► They think that no action can be effective so long as broadcasting is commercially sponsored.

► They accept the broadcasters' propaganda that size of audience and preferential ratings indicate positive satisfaction bordering on enthusiasm.

► The emotional climate in which these thoughts flourish is an odd mingling of contempt, indifference, hostility and fear.

One of the great virtues of action is that it destroys illusions and it hardly matters how insignificant the action is—it isn't primarily important that the action should succeed. To come out of our paralysis of the will, we have to start to move—if we fall, we will start again.

In a recent column (*SR* Sept. 6) I suggested an action suitable to any community except, perhaps, the very biggest cities: discussions of community-and-broadcasting problems on the air. My present suggestion is limited to the thirty cities now possessed of educational TV stations, but it has some generally applicable features.

The objective in this action is to get the commercial stations to publicize whatever the educational stations are doing. Readers accustomed to the frigidity with which the words "on another network" are spoken may assume that stations would be reluctant to advertise even an educational rival, but this is not necessarily true. In any case, this is precisely the challenge to action. The stimulus to the commercial station should come from the public.

The public isn't in the TV-packaging business and cannot invent programs—but it can ask the stations to do so. Even a nonprofessional could say to a program department, "Station EDUC is going to have a series on mathematics. Most people think math is terrible. Why don't you put on a documentary or whatever you call it, about fun in math. And maybe something about that man in Chicago that's trying a new way to teach algebra. Put it on a couple of weeks before EDUC starts its series—and let people know there's a lot more that's interesting and exciting than you have time to show."

If there are several commercial stations in the community, each could take one of the EDUC series and publicize it.

Would they be touting audiences away from their own, perhaps sponsored, shows at the same time-periods? Possibly, to a limited extent. But the publicity they would get, the response to a generous gesture, would more than make up for this.

In New York City—which has no educational station of its own—Station WNTA, which made a brilliant beginning under the guidance of Ted Cott, announced that it would call attention to cultural sustaining programs on other *commercial* stations. How can anyone persist in defeatism over the simpler matter of getting publicity for a station which does not compete for sponsors?

Another source of pessimism is the belief that nothing can be accomplished without the cooperation of the broadcasters. I am all for the friendliest relations between management and the public, but there are areas in which one has to go it alone. One of these—not for 30, but for 1,000 cities—is the field of criticism. We residents of megalopolis haven't the faintest idea—until we begin to travel—of the scarcity of criticism outside the big cities. In a Western city of nearly half a million, helpless citizens told me that their most influential newspaper had never run a column of useful criticism of TV, although it headlined in its news columns every derogatory opinion expressed in Congress or elsewhere. Newspapers in smaller cities are hostile to TV, print the program schedules reluctantly, and pretend their subscribers have no sets.

These newspapers are vulnerable to pressure and it is the duty of good citizens to apply the pressure. But the good citizen is inhibited by fear of being called a do-gooder. He must learn—in connection with the mass media—to think of himself as an unofficial adviser—at most an unofficial legislator. He must resolutely prefer even the prissiest of "uplift" to the steady down-grading of quality which is bound to occur in any business affected with the public interest if the public isn't aware of its own interest. He has to know that eternal vigilance is the price of excellence as well as of liberty and that vigilance which does not lead to action is as fatal as blind ignorance.

—GILBERT SELDES.

## Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

### MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Here are twenty of the last lines of songs in Shakespeare's plays. Alan Dent of London, England, asks you to supply the first lines, the names of the plays, and the names of the singers. Answers on page 40.

1. Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.
2. Unpleasing to a married ear.
3. So good night, with lullaby.
4. While we lay tumbling in the hay.
5. Then take thine auld cloak about thee.
6. Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
7. While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
8. To her let us garlands bring.
9. Till candles and star-light and moonshine be out.
10. And we'll strive to please you every day. And dares not answer nay.
12. Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.
13. Fall asleep, or hearing, die.
14. At his heels a stone.
15. Sweet lovers love the spring.
16. Arise, arise.
17. And renowned be thy grave.
18. Cup us, till the world go around.
19. Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.
20. This life is most jolly.

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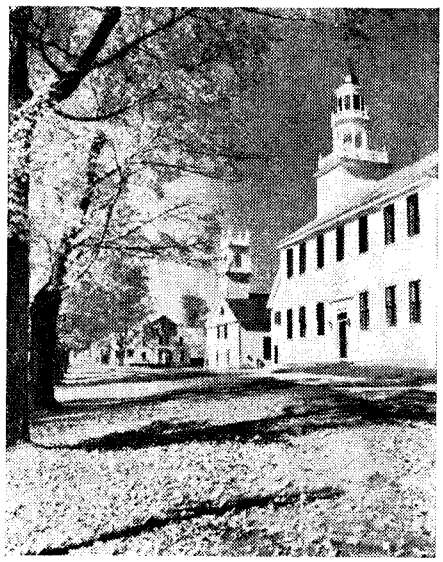
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

## Notes on the Edge of a Road Map

**THOREAU MADE EASY:** With the leaf-flipping season upon us we have been in touch with a passel of botanists who were good enough to tell us why. The leaves that turn yellow have green and yellow pigment in them. The yellow pigments are called carotinoids which, Bergen Evans would be the first to tell you, have associations with the word carrot. The green is chlorophyl, the very same substance which the Madison Avenue scientists were insisting just a short time ago was an indispensable ingredient in chewing gum, soap, and toothpaste. The green is darker than the yellow and obscures it, but in autumn the cool weather causes the chlorophyl to disappear, leaving the yellow.

As for the red leaves, they get that way from overabundance of sugar. The plant tissues which, in the full flight of summer might have carried away excess foods, begin to deteriorate. In the case of the red leaves, the sugar is left. What finally turns most leaves brown is the presence of tannin, the same stuff that is in tea. In case anybody is wondering why the chlorophyl is there in the first place, it is necessary for photosynthesis, the process by which carbon dioxide and water in the air, under the influence of light, is turned into carbohydrate, sugar included.

**STONE-FACE LIFTING:** It was while looking for likely spots for fancying the fall foliage that we came upon little known nuggets of intelligence concerning a New Hampshire phenomenon called the Old Man of the Mountain, alias the Great Stone Face, alias The Profile. The Great Stone Face is a great stone face formed by granite that crystallized that way probably 200 million years ago. The face juts out about 1200 feet above Profile Lake in Franconia Notch and is formed by five separate granite ledges. Some say Indians never saw it and others insist they worshipped it as a Great Spirit. That seems to take care of both possibilities. The white settlers first looked upon it in 1805 and during the period from 1820 to 1840 it became a prime tourist attraction. Nathaniel Hawthorne added notoriety to the face when he wrote a story about it. In 1916 the Reverend Guy Roberts climbed the mountain and found the profile sagging. He spent eight days putting in steel blocks, iron rods and turnbuckles. So important is the Pro-



—*Dick Smith.*

Autumn in New Hampshire—the leaf-flipping season is upon us.

file to the New Hampshire skyline that in 1957 the state decided to spend $25,000 for a face-lifting job on The Old Man of the Mountain. It will be spent to "protect this great stone face as a recreational asset to the state."

**MOUNTAIN WHITERY:** About the poshest way of wintering in the American Alps is to own one's own chalet or, second best, to rent someone else's. A place to do either is the Mittersill Inn which we came on the other day reposing on the northwest slope of Cannon Mountain, 2,000 feet in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Out in the distance were Mt. Lafayette and Bald Mountain waiting for the winter sportsmen to tickle their ribs in slithering runs. Out in the foreground was the gentle reed-fringed lake relaxing from the summer vacationers. In the woods all around were fourteen chalets privately owned by the Archduke Franz Josef of Austria, Bertita Harding and twelve types we've never even heard of. Six of the chalet people have their own private planes and land in Franconia three miles away. While the *seigneurs* are off in other lands they allow Mittersill to rent their shacks. Twenty dollars a day hires a two-bedroom, one bath, one living-room - with - fireplace - establishment and for $60 you can have one with four beds and three baths. For a number of thousand dollars you can build your own Alpine lean-to and have Mittersill rent it out while you are sojourning at St. Moritz.

Mittersill also has rooms in its inn, many of them appended with balconies fringed with pink morning glories and views of the pond and the mountains and the heated outdoor swimming pools. The place is operated by one Baron Hubert von Pantz who wasn't on the premises at the moment, being occupied with a branch Mittersill Inn which is located in Austria.

**CALORIE-COUNTER FOR LOTUS-EATERS:** It never occurred to us that if we were watching our weight and were vacationing in Hawaii we might have a difficult time figuring out how many calories there are in poi or papaya. It *did* occur to the Bureau of Nutrition of the Territory's Department of Health, however, which has published a calorie-counter for lotus munchers. It may also come in handy for Statesiders visiting Chinese restaurants. For example: one serving of bean curd is 116 calories, a half-cup of passion fruit juice is 78, a half-cup of cooked breadfruit is 143, and a cup of two-finger poi comes to 152. A cup of grated coconut is almost 600 calories, and no-cal coconut hasn't been invented yet. A dandy substitute is seaweed (popular also in Japan and on the coast of New Brunswick). It has no calories at all. For that matter it doesn't even smell very good. For those who would care to contemplate the problem of whether eating lotus would prove fattening, the answer is that a two-thirds segment has a mere 59 calories, but there is always the danger of developing an over-voluptuousness of the psyche.

**TWO WEEKS WITH PRESIDENTIAL PAY:** What with Dwight David Eisenhower choosing Newport as his vacation place for the second successive year (Colorado, you remember, was an earlier choice), we have been in a perfect dither to learn where other Presidents spent their holidays. The first news we dug up was appalling: Newport has been visited by no less than seventeen Presidents while in office. Monroe arrived in a sailing vessel; John Quincy Adams was the first to use the Redwood Library, the oldest in continuous use in the country; Arthur went year after year; FDR was the first to view the American yacht races from there. Grant was the first to fish, the first to enjoy a clambake, and the first to attend a GAR reunion. He also was the first to have a bit of trouble fitting into the social patterns. The other Newporters were Washington, Jackson, Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, Hayes, Cleveland, Harrison, Teddy Roosevelt, Taft and Truman. Eisenhower was the first to golf there.

For nearly a century White Sul-

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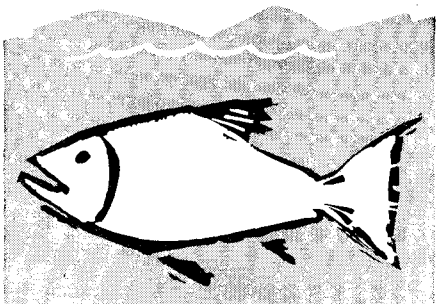

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phur Springs was the summer capital of the land. Being in the lower Alleghenies, in West Virginia, it was cooler than Washington and a President could make it there in three days by steamboat and stagecoach. The first President on the property was Andrew Jackson, followed by Van Buren, John Tyler, and Millard Fillmore. According to a chronicler named Reniers, a deer hunt arranged for the President "was exclusively a stag party to eat stag. At long tables under a rhododendron arbor a hundred gentlemen of moment, some of fame, sat down to a feast of three courses. For palate ticklers there were squirrels, pheasants, trout, chicken and turkey. The main dish was venison, in three forms, roast, steak and stew. Those who stayed the course could have pie, apple and cherry, quite lean. Behind the arbor a large band played continuously. The music was shot through with the incessant popping of champagne corks." President Wilson's visit in 1916 was the last by a President until President Eisenhower came in 1956 for talks with President Ruiz Cortines of Mexico and Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent of Canada.

As for Coolidge, he returned to the Vermont Hills where he had been born, delighted in donning a farmer's smock, the bluejeans of that day. Teddy Roosevelt enjoyed the big house at Sagamore Hill on Long Island which has been restored and opened to the public. Franklin Roosevelt's days on Campobello Island off New Brunswick were the scene of Dore Schary's recent play, "Sunrise at Campobello." Hoover had a fishing lodge on the Rapidan River in Virginia. Garfield's choice was Elberon, N. J. and he died there after having been shot by Guiteau in the railroad station in Washington. Grant liked Elberon too, and stayed a half mile from Garfield's home. Cleveland supposedly went fishing in Buzzard's Bay in 1893, but the real reason was to recuperate from an operation on the roof of his mouth which had been performed aboard a friend's boat. Washington pined for Mount Vernon but he apparently found New York a summer festival and lived in the city in two or three houses which were set aside as executive mansions. HST seemed to prefer winter vacations and pictures of him basking in a loud sport shirt under the Key West sun must be an indelible memory to all readers over six. —HORACE SUTTON.

# In Praise of Newspaper Verse

By Richard Moore

CONCEIVED and shaped by humble shapers
And printed in the local papers,
These sonnets and assorted lyrics
Deserve profoundest panegyrics.

How else, but by such verse's magic,
Could comic sallies sound so tragic?
Or tragic agonies so comic?
Or things profane, pious and psalmic?

Where else could blooming daffodils,
Or potted plants on windowsills,
And in one case, a backyard pigeon,
Suggest the duties of Religion?

Where else could sparrows in the eaves
(Whose twitter often irks and peeves)
Move us to think (no doubt sincerely)
Of absent husbands, loved so dearly?

O praise these songs, holy and pious,
That so ingeniously belie us!
Praise them again, pious and holy,
That please their modest authors solely!

Praise all the "barks" on "life's deep ocean"
(That lurch with a slight, sickening motion).
O holy songs, fear not: our Savior
Forgives our wretchedest behavior.

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# Tribute to the Hindu Community

***"The Twice Born," by G. Norris Carstairs*** *(Indiana University Press. 343 pp. $6.50), reports the results of an anthropological study in the heartland of Mewar in India. That country's representative to the United Nations, Anand Lall, reviews the book.*

By Anand Lall

MEWAR, or Udaipur, has a proud tradition in the history of India; the primary source of this pride being that through the centuries, when conquest rolled across India, it retained its isolation and semi-independence. It never yielded fully to the Moguls, or even to the British, both of whom conceded to the Maharana of Udaipur, amongst his brother chiefs of Rajasthan, the position of *primus inter pares.*

It was in the heartland of Mewar that Dr. G. Morris Carstairs conducted an anthropological study, the results of which he presents in his very interesting and readable book, "The Twice Born." As the title indicates, the author focuses his attention on the three upper castes in the Hindu social system: the Brahmins, the Kshatriyas (Rajputs in this geographical area), and the Vaisyas (Banias in Rajasthan and much of northern India). Incidentally, Dr. Carstairs's very painstaking, objective, and most helpful study does not explain adequately to his Western readers the reason why these three castes are called "The Twice Born."

The explanation is that the early Aryans, partly pragmatically and partly on racial grounds, decided that a section of the community should perform those basic tasks which were required to keep the community going: such as tilling the land and being smiths, carpenters, potters, and so on. Subsistence and minimum living conditions in general thus assured, it became possible for the other members of the community to plan their lives on the basis of the ideal fourfold division: the student, the householder, the contemplative or ascetic, and finally the hermit or the servant of the community, who no longer works to accumulate wealth for himself or his family. The initiation of the young Hindu into this pattern of life takes place at a ceremony performed when the child is about nine years old. It is this initiation which has come to be regarded as a sort of second birth and which explains the common title of "The Twice Born" given to the Brahmins, Kshatriyas, and Vaisyas.

Perhaps the most significant thing about this book is the fact that it was undertaken just before the close of a long era. Even in the fastness of Mewar twenty-five or thirty years hence, this precise book could probably no longer be written. On the other hand, take away the superficial and rather slight effect of contact with the West, and this precise work could have been written five or six hundred years ago. But in thirty years' time the impact of the peaceful Indian social revolution will have been felt even in Deoli, the village community where Dr. Carstairs's study is set.

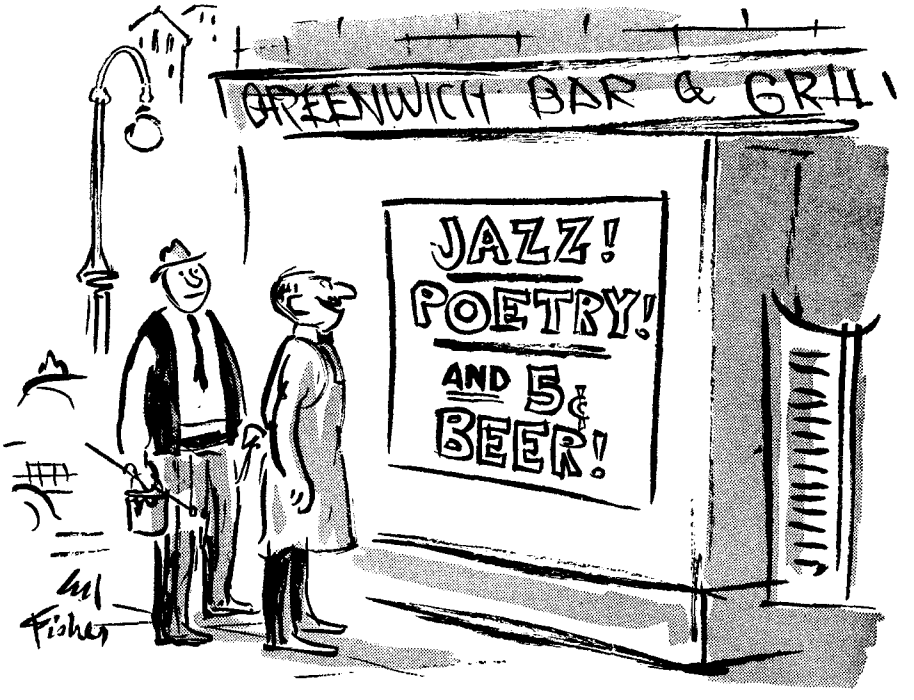
Dr. Carstairs has portrayed sympathetically and in considerable detail, the personal life, family relationships, the caste situation, religion and fantasy as he sees them in Deoli. Then he theorizes interestingly on Hindu personality formation. Finally, there are three fascinating self-portraits. This reader found that of Rao Rana Rajindar Singh, the chief of the Duchy, to be by far the most absorbing; though perhaps professional students of anthropology might discover more material to ponder in the candid, if somewhat tedious, revelations of Puranmal Mehta the Bania.

The book fully achieves its over-all purpose, which Dr. Carstairs states thus:

> It is the present writer's hope that this study will contribute towards a better understanding of the Indian point of view. If it does succeed in this, most of the credit must be ascribed to his village collaborators. They taught him, among many other things, to realize that mutual understanding between persons of different races requires not merely knowledge about each other but also tolerance and goodwill—qualities which this Hindu community displayed in high degree.

Of course, Dr. Carstairs found the ancient social system of his orthodox rural community suffering from the wear and tear of the centuries. And various impediments to the development of the individual had become only too obvious, but his general feeling regarding the subjects of his study deserves attention:

> . . . as an ordinary responsive observer one must pay a tribute to the serenity and calm which prevail in a well-adjusted Hindu family. It is perhaps a precarious calm, based on the suppressing rather than on the resolving of underlying tensions, but still it reflects a gracious and civilized way of life.




"By George—*that* ought to bring them in!"

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# Transcending Image

***"The Rediscovery of Man," by Waldo Frank*** *(Braziller. 491 pp. $6.95), attempts to synthesize the cultural forces that have shaped Western man, and indeed, the author himself. Peter Fingesten, our reviewer, wrote "East Is East," and is currently completing an historical-philosophical study, "From the Essenes to Christianity."*

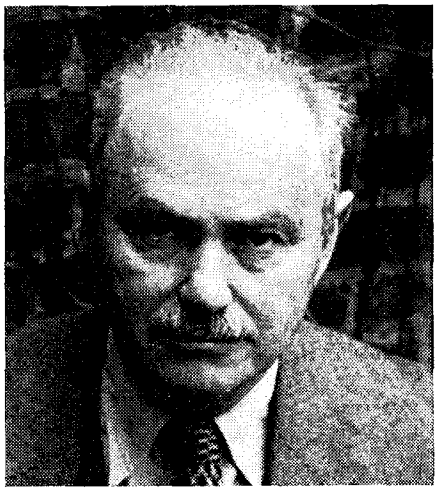
By Peter Fingesten

THIS book is an expression of Waldo Frank's philosophy of history and the motivating ideas behind his creative writing, which includes numerous lyrical novels, South American histories, and the study of present-day Israel, "Bridgehead." But those looking for an academic treatise on philosophy or history will not find it in "The Rediscovery of Man." Written from a profound concept of the unity of man, life, and God, it is, rather, an unpedantic synthesis of the cultural forces that have shaped our destiny. Mr. Frank hopes to "suggest a method for living in the modern world," and to do this he attempts to recover basic values for modern man, who, he feels, is drifting from his cultural moorings.

Mr. Frank sees the kaleidoscopic aspects of our cultural heritage not as so many scattered fragments but rather as luminous facets of the same precious stone. To him all of human history is but a mirror that reflects God more or less clearly. His ethos is the ethos of a continuing Hellenistic-Judaeo-Christian unity which imposes its pattern upon all of our activities. There are many today who would like to disregard this, and, although children of the same tradition, dream of nirvana and the different ways of the East.

He speaks as a Westerner to Westerners, tempered by a close acquaintance with Eastern philosophies. Those he respects, though he does not think they harmonize with our spiritual heritage. In summing up the Western view with a quotation from Genesis, "Life is good," and the Eastern one with the Upanishadic statement "Life is an illusion," he could have driven this argument to its logical conclusion by bringing out the essence of Hindu and Buddhist metaphysics that everything is void (*shunyata*)—everything vanishes into nothingness. Frank justly criticizes this philosophy as leading to negativism, apathy, and indifference to the basic needs of man and society.

This book reveals a man of immense personal culture. He writes sensitively about art and music, and at the same time he is able to handle mathematical and scientific concepts. He is on as familiar a footing with psychology as with the political tensions of the Far East. The Renaissance philosophers considered man "a work of art" but it is rare to encounter in a time of vanishing versatility this ideal of self-perfection, a *homo universale*. In fact, almost too many facets crowd Mr. Frank's basic theme.



Waldo Frank—". . . probes deeply into the Western mind."

He probes deeply into the Western mind, but occasionally the poet competes with the philosopher. He uses relatively few historical clichés, but is rather fond of spotting and exposing them. Many of his conclusions are based upon intuitive insights which may be questioned by some; yet, because they are of a poetic nature, they cannot be disproven.

Without extracting a sensational pattern from history, he offers an excellent new synthesis of the Western *Weltanshauung* (in somewhat Spinozoan terms) which, although externally weakened, is still the inspiration of all our thinking. Mr. Frank's most important point is that every cultural dimension extended to its ultimate end leads, invariably, to cosmic levels. Wisely, he does not define God in time-worn terms. To him the concept is a cosmic awareness existing in man himself rather than some extra-galactic entity. He is able to cull the divine from the manifestations of artists, philosophers, scientists, and mystics. In other words, every search must penetrate to the ground of our being, to the "God within the self." Thus he offers our distracted minds an image of man which transcends the confusion of the day and reveals that which is eternal in him.

## Pick of the Paperbacks

**THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF ART.** *By Arnold Hauser. Vintage. Vols. 3 and 4. $1.25 each.* This excellent series of art history continues, in volume three with the era of rococo to the romanticism of Delacroix. The fourth volume brings the series up to date with a study of naturalism, impressionism, and the age of films.

**LITERARY ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.** *By Henry James. Evergreen.* $2.45. These sixty essays about writers and writing reveal James as an astute literary critic with, for all his gentlemanly manners, a mind very much of his own—to wit, Turgenev and George Eliot are the only writers whose works can be considered literary events.

**THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NONSENSE.** *By Bergen Evans. Vintage.* $1.25. Dr. Evans has the last word in debunking popular misconceptions (fish are not brain food, lightning generally does strike twice). The information, all carefully footnoted, is dispersed with a deft hand.

**YUAN MEI.** *By Arthur Waley. Evergreen.* $1.75. An account of the life and works of a well-known Chinese poet of the eighteenth century who wrote, "Writing poems is like the blossoming of flowers / If there is too much blossom the flowers are generally small."

**THE DWARF.** *By Par Lagerkvist. Hill and Wang.* $1.25. An ominous fable about a little man who belongs to a great prince, written by the Swedish writer who in 1951 won the Nobel Prize.

**GREAT RUSSIAN SHORT STORIES.** *Edited by Norris Houghton. Dell.* 50¢. A baker's dozen of nineteenth-century Russian stories by names familiar to anthologies—Pushkin, Turgenev, Tolstoy.

**THE PROCESSION.** *By Khalil Gibran. Translated by George Kheirallah. Wisdom.* 95¢. Mystical verse by the Syrian poet who is best known in this country for "The Prophet." The sentimentalized biography is an unfortunate addition.

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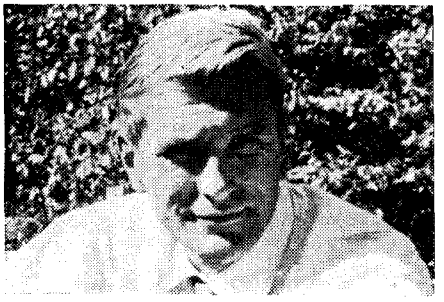
# Impulse to Go Beyond the Morning

***"Alone at Sea," by Hannes Lindemann** (Random House. 124 pp. $3.50), is a tale of derring-do by a German doctor who twice sailed the Atlantic alone in a canoe. Alan Villiers, the author of numerous books about sailors and ships, was the skipper of* Mayflower II, *now in Plymouth, Mass.*

By Alan Villiers



Hannes Lindemann—". . . Morale is the single most important factor."

WHEN seafaring becomes nothing but a prolonged feat of endurance, I'm ordinarily not interested. Give me a deck to walk on, and a ship with a minimum waterline of eighty feet; and give me some fellow seamen for company, besides the sea and the sky. Damn the sea and the sky. To professionals, they're enemies. Damn being alone, too. I have often wondered what makes men go off sailing by themselves. Is it the spirit of adventure? Or are they nuts? Or maybe, like old Josh Slocum, who started them all, are they just fed up with the ordinary demands of family life, city life, whatever life it is that men are supposed to lead? I don't know. I've met a good many of them—all sorts: the nuts along with the businessmen with an eye on the lecture field and the book contracts, and the young and the old salts who couldn't leave the sea alone. Now along comes this Hannes Lindemann, a German medico, definitely not nuts, and no old salt either, or escapist. He sails the Atlantic alone *twice*, once in a West African dugout canoe and the second time in a standard Klepper rubber canoe. He waits years before writing about it, and then comes out with the best book of this kind that I can remember in years.

I was indeed getting a bit blasé about these North Atlantic wanderers. What could they think up next? If poor Dick Halliburton were alive I guess he'd have organized a swim across the place by now, for that is about the last untried stunt left—that, and pedaling the seas by water bicycle. Back in 1928, a German seaman named Romer crossed from the Canaries to Puerto Rico in a folding canoe. He took fifty-eight days and it must have affected his seafaring judgment, for he sailed out of Puerto Rico in the hurricane season in continuance of his voyage, and that was the last of him.

After Romer, Lindemann. "In all of us there is an impulse—though it may be deeply hidden—to leave behind us our ordinary lives and go beyond the morning," writes the fellow in his very first line, and I read on fascinated in spite of myself. By golly, I read on—on and on and on, absorbing the whole yarn in a sitting. Whether it's the Liberian dugout or the German rubber canoe, the quietly-told story is astonishing, and thrilling. Both westward crossings were made the trade wind way, the Columbus way—the same way I brought over that *Mayflower* replica which is in Plymouth, Mass., now. Dr. Lindemann packs his accounts with wonderful accounts of sea life, and he can write, too. "The sea roared and the tropical rain hammered at the water." I can just see it!

The fact that the good doctor's story arrived at our house just as my wife was stowing our Klepper foldboat—the same type exactly as that used by Hannes Lindemann—in the boot of the car for a canoe trip down the Wye with our eldest son may have predisposed me to like the book. Not that I'm going down the Wye! I am just back from sailing an eighteenth-century frigate for the John Paul Jones film, in the western Mediterranean—tough enough job for me. I wouldn't undertake a piece of seafaring anywhere that was not strictly professional and necessary some way or other—which is all the more reason why I take my cap off to the intrepid canoeing doctor, and hail his excellent book as a splendid job.

"Morale is the single most important factor in survival," he says in summation. There is a lesson for us all in that, and not only at sea.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# Disaster at Sea

***"Abandon Ship!: Death of the U.S.S.* Indianapolis," *by Richard F. Newcomb*** *(Holt. 305 pp. $3.95), reconstructs the circumstances of the greatest disaster in American naval history. The next book from* SR*'s reviewer Walter Magnes Teller will be "The Voyages of Joshua Slocum."*

By Walter Magnes Teller

DOCUMENTATION of disaster seems to be one of the literary modes of the moment. And perhaps the reason therefor is not hard to discover. Disaster is familiar nowadays and in it we see reflected our image of ourselves.

Very much in the vogue then is Richard Newcomb's "Abandon Ship!" Mr. Newcomb, an Associated Press news editor, has written a first-rate account—both scholarly and readable—of the sinking of the heavy cruiser U.S.S. *Indianapolis* two weeks before the end of World War II. When the torpedoes launched by a Japanese submarine struck, the *Indianapolis* carried a crew of 1,196 officers and men. Of that number, 316 survived; 880 were lost—the greatest disaster at sea in U.S. naval history. A further result of the sinking was the only court-martial in the annals of the Navy of a commanding officer for loss of his vessel in wartime.

It is not easy to imagine how big a cruiser is, even an older model such as the *Indianapolis*, commissioned in 1932. I wish Mr. Newcomb had told more about her dimensions and geography. Plans, the equivalent of road maps, should have been included, for certainly a cruiser is a place.

Deftly and sympathetically Mr. Newcomb reconstructs the all but impossible linkage of circumstance whereby the *Indianapolis* was destroyed. Powerfully armed yet lacking sonar, unescorted but traveling far behind the battle lines, the *Indianapolis*, having delivered components for the atom bombs, plowed the Pacific east of the Philippines on no very pressing business. It was a summer night with some moonlight. The brightness of the night is disputed but apparently it was open and shut as clouds passed across the moon.

The first torpedo struck the vessel forward in the area where the Marines and stewards were berthed. Nine of thirty-seven Marines were saved; of thirty-two stewards, none. The second torpedo hit the ship in the solar plexus, squarely in the network of communications, all of which were located amidships. Instantly the floating city went dead. Captain Charles Butler McVay, 3rd, sleeping aft, lost no time in getting onto the bridge, but he did not understand that his ship was doomed. He remembered ships which had been lost because too hastily abandoned. The minutes for decision slipped by and there were not to be many. Twelve minutes after the *Indianapolis* took the first hit, her bow went down, her stern up. She dived straight down, somewhere between Leyte and Guam in about 10,000 feet of water.

More than 700 men, however, managed to get free though some were badly burned or otherwise injured. Many were covered with fuel oil, which spread over acres of ocean. Very few had the luck to latch onto rafts or flotsam, but among those fortunate ones was Captain McVay.

It was only by chance that any were saved, for the ship apparently had not been able to send out an SOS. Three and a half days after the sinking the huge, gleaming oil slick which had choked and sickened and smothered scores, perhaps hundreds, of men, caught the eye of the pilot of a low-flying plane on routine patrol. He flew lower, saw heads, arms waving, then sent the message which brought rescue ships. Most of those who at last were snatched from the sea had managed to survive four days in salt water, burned by the sun, chilled by night winds, gnawed by predatory fish, and, of course, without food or drink. The Navy kept the whole thing secret till censorship ended with the end of the war. At the very moment, 15 August 1945, when President Truman called the reporters in, the Navy was making its own announcement.

IN THE court-martial which followed, two charges were made against McVay: "through negligence suffering a vessel of the Navy to be hazarded," and "culpable inefficiency in the performance of duty." Acquitted of the second charge, he was found guilty of the first and sentenced to lose 100 numbers in his temporary and permanent ranks. It was said that he should have ordered a zigzag course steered. But the merit of zigzag steering is a moot point, and in any case it was not mandatory in McVay's particular situation. One can zag a vessel toward a torpedo as easily as zig away from it.

McVay, of course, raised the question, as did the general public, as to why rescue had not come sooner. How was it that the *Indianapolis* never was missed? The question has not been satisfactorily answered by the Navy though Mr. Newcomb has, I think, figured it out. In wartime, movements of combatant vessels were kept as secret as possible. Very few officers in the Navy would or could question the whereabouts of a cruiser or what her captain might be up to. Mr. Newcomb writes, "Close study leaves considerable doubt as to just what command Captain McVay was reporting to. . . . Herein lay the seed of the *Indianapolis* tragedy. There was no operational control procedure for reporting combatant vessels overdue. The instructions were explicit on departures . . . on arrivals, but they said nothing about nonarrivals."

There is, I think, a moral to Mr. Newcomb's book. The powers which are reluctant to give admiral's rank to a Hyman Rickover do not hesitate to allow a Charles Butler McVay, 3rd, an admiral's son, to command a ship too big for him. Which is about all that McVay was guilty of. Later, the Navy tried to pin the blame for overlooking the nonarrival on four officers less prominent than McVay, a couple of them reservists. All four were summarily disciplined in an effort to satisfy the public demand for an explanation. It is to Forrestal's credit that he ordered their records cleared.

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### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Come unto these yellow sands ("The Tempest"—Ariel). 2. When daisies pied and violets blue ("Love's Labour's Lost"—Spring). 3. You spotted snakes with double tongue ("Midsummer Night's Dream"—Fairies). 4. When daffodils begin to peer ("Winter's Tale"—Autolycus). 5. King Stephen was a worthy peer ("Othello"—Iago). 6. Where the bee sucks, there suck I ("The Tempest"—Ariel). 7. When icicles hang by the wall ("Love's Labour's Lost"—Winter). 8. Who is Silvia? What is she? ("Two Gentlemen of Verona"—Pages). 9. Fie on sinful fantasy ("Merry Wives of Windsor"—Fairies). 10. When that I was and a little tiny boy ("Twelfth Night"—Feste). 11. The ousel cock, so black of hue ("Midsummer Night's Dream"—Bottom). 12. The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I ("The Tempest"—Stephano). 13. Orpheus with his lute made trees ("Henry VIII"—Queen's Women). 14. How shall I your true love know ("Hamlet"—Ophelia). 15. It was a lover and his lass ("As You Like It"—Two Pages). 16. Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings ("Cymbeline"—Cloten's musicians). 17. Fear no more the heat o' the sun ("Cymbeline"—Guiderius and Arviragus). 18. Come, thou monarch of the vine (Noble Revellers led by Enobarbus). 19. Take, O, take those lips away ("Measure for Measure"—Mariana's page). 20. Blow, blow, thou winter wind ("As You Like It"—Amiens).

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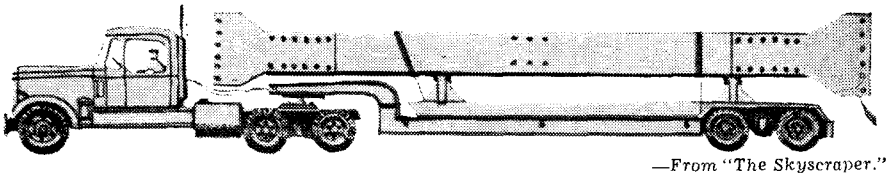
# Books for Young People



—From "The Skyscraper."

CHILDREN are not bothered by current best-sellers and fads in reading, but enjoy old books as well as new ones, requiring only of both that they meet their standards of interest and enjoyment. And so we are always glad to have good out-of-print books made available again through reprints or new editions. Longmans, Green has reprinted two favorites, "Marta, the Doll," by Eloise Lownsbery, illustrated by Marya Werten ($3), and "Gift of the Forest," by R. Lal Singh and Eloise Lownsbery ($3.75). Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" with the Arthur Rackham illustrations is back in print in the Children's Illustrated Classics (Dutton, $3.25). Stephen Daye Press has reprinted Monica Shannon's "California Fairy Tales" ($3.50) and Holiday House has reprinted "Henry's Lincoln," by Louise A. Nayhart, illustrated by Charles Banks Wilson ($2.50). Three of Rachel Field's stories, "Polly Patchwork," "Pocket-Handkerchief Park," and "The Yellow Shop" have been published by Doubleday in one volume, "The Rachel Field Storybook" ($2.50); Lippincott has put two of Jules Verne's most topical stories in a single volume, "From the Earth to the Moon and a Trip Around It" ($1.95); and William Pène du Bois has made new illustrations for "Otto at Sea," which is now published in an entirely revised edition by Viking at $2.50. This is a sampling of the old tales, perennially fresh, that are again in print.

Reviewers for this issue: Augusta Baker, storytelling specialist, The New York Public Library; Leone F. Garvey, supervisor, Boys and Girls Dept., Berkeley, Calif., Public Library, and lecturer, School of Librarianship, University of California; Ruth Hewitt Hamilton, lecturer, School of Library Science, Pratt Institute; Margaret Mahan, children's librarian, Greenville, S.C., Public Library. Della McGregor, chief, Juvenile Division, St. Paul, Minn., Public Library; Aileen O'Brien Murphy, children's literature specialist, The New York Public Library; Elizabeth O. Williams, supervisor, Library and Textbook Section, Los Angeles, Calif., Board of Education.

—Frances Lander Spain,
*Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

**YERTLE THE TURTLE AND OTHER STORIES.** *Written and illustrated by Dr. Seuss. Random House.* $2.95. Published originally in the *Redbook Magazine* in the early 1950s, these three fables portray in doggerel verse and Seuss pictures the calamitous consequences that are sure to befall all those who outbrag their betters be they mortal, mammal, or amphibian.

When Yertle builds himself a throne by ordering 5,607 other turtles to sit atop a little turtle called Mock, it takes only one slight Mockish burp to unseat him. The ambitions of Gertrude McFuzz are a bit more difficult to achieve. However, the deflation of Big Brag Rabbitt, whose ears are so sharp he can hear a fly cough ninety miles away, is more quickly managed by Mr. Bear, who can both outsmell and outbrag him.

This three-in-one chuckle bargain in hard covers is sure to delight Seuss fans, even though they will not regard it as the supercolossal accomplishment characteristic of many of Seuss's more recent extravaganzas.

—Della McGregor.

**ALEXANDER'S ANIMALS.** *Written and illustrated by Barbara Hobbs. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.75. A solitary little boy invents the most incongruous animal playmates, announcing each new arrival to his mother. When his mother finally realizes the extent of his loneliness her solution is inevitable and most satisfactory—a dog. Immediately the imaginary animals leave in search of another child who might be in need of them. This is not an original idea, but the illustrations are attractive. They are in three colors and are arranged on the pages in various combinations. —Leone F. Garvey.

**BASIL OF BAKER STREET.** *By Eve Titus. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Whittlesey House.* $2.75. The inimitable pictures of Paul Galdone enhance this delightful mystery of the missing twins. Basil, the mouse detective, in the tradition of Sherlock Holmes, introduces clever disguises, mysterious encounters, intrigue, and high adventure in his search for the little twin mice. This book will answer that ever-demanding request for mystery stories for younger readers.

—Elizabeth O. Williams.

**MYRTLE ALBERTINA'S SONG.** *By Lillian Pohlman. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Coward-McCann.* $3. Myrtle Albertina was a happy little girl who always had a song for the things that pleased her in the California mining town of 1890. She also had perseverance in achieving her heart's desire, which was to keep Tuley and his family in Stephenville. Through the activities of this little nine-year-old, her elders are made to see the error of their ways in rejecting Tuley's father because he had been falsely accused and had served a brief prison sentence. An easy-to-read story with intriguing characters and events set against an early California background. —E. O. W.

**DE LESSEPS: Builder of Suez.** *By Laura Long. Illustrated by Clotilde Embree Funk. Longmans, Green.* $2.75. The personal charm, integrity, and determination of Ferdinand de Lesseps, as well as the international political history which played so large a part in the building of the Suez Canal, are well portrayed here. Skilfully the author tells the story of this great enterprise, which had its beginning in the kindness of de Lesseps to a lonely little Egyptian boy, and she holds the reader's attention throughout. Her characters and scenes come alive in this book, which will interest the twelve- to sixteen-year-olds.

—Margaret Mahan.

**DEEP TREASURE.** *Written and illustrated by Elizabeth Olds. Houghton Mifflin.* $3. Old, mysterious, and dramatic is the story of oil and man's determined

—From "Myrtle Albertina's Song."

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labors in extracting, processing, transporting, and utilizing it. To deal adequately with this subject is a challenge. Elizabeth Olds has succeeded admirably, proving herself an artist in both text and illustration, maintaining scientific and historic accuracy, and portraying the drama which is inherent in the subject itself. Children from ten years up will enjoy getting their information here, and will find themselves poring intently over the illustrations. —M. M.

**THE DOUBLING ROD.** *By Ada Harrison. Illustrated by Christine Price. Harcourt, Brace.* $3. A casual remark at tea leads Professor Hinnabel, antiquarian, and a man well disposed toward magic, to fashion a doubling rod from two parallel yew branches. It is no conventional magic wand to whisk one away to another place or time, or to produce the heart's desire, but a rod to double something that is already in existence. When the small and rare Etruscan figurine in the professor's care is stolen, there begins a chase of lively and involved detection in which the doubling rod saves the day and the professor's reputation. Fittingly enough, the rod is accidentally destroyed by unbelieving and materialistic neighbors. Unlike many British stories in which the parents are rather misty figures, the professor is just about the most important character in the book. Original and fun to read. —L. F. G.

**TALES MERRY AND WISE.** *By Rose Laura Mincieli. Illustrated by Kurt Werth. Holt.* $3. These stories, from Italy's Adriatic shores, are the folk heritage of Miss Mincieli, a children's librarian and an accomplished storyteller. They were told to her by members of her family and she, in turn, has told them to children and adults so that superfluous wordage has been polished away and the storyteller's tales remain. Kurt Werth's black-and-white illustrations have the lively wit of the book. —AUGUSTA BAKER.

**THE LIGHT.** *By Jany Saint-Marcoux. Translated by Frances Frenaye. Vanguard.* $3. Nobility of character and sheer courage and fortitude mark the little shepherdess, Miré, as she strives to adjust to a life of darkness after she is accidentally blinded while tending her sheep on the Basque mountain side. The tender devotion and sacrifice of the high-spirited and daring young "Antelope" who inadvertently caused the accident, helps her to achieve her goal. He turns from a life of smuggling and high adventure to a serious study of medicine, which brings its just rewards and a happy ending. This is a warm and tender tale of overcoming handicaps which will have a wide appeal to young people. —E. O. W.

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**THE SKYSCRAPER.** *Written and illustrated by Yen Liang. Lippincott.* $2.95. The various steps in the construction of a great building, a skyscraper, are shown in brief text and large, dramatic drawings. The planning stage brings together bankers and architects, engineers and construction experts; the building stage includes demolition, excavation, installation of services, and concrete and steel work; the final stage shows people living and working with adequate space and conveniences. A secondary theme of this book points up the advantages of city planning and rehabilitation of slum areas. Though in picture-book format, the illustrations will attract children of all ages who are fascinated as they watch the buildings that are going up on almost any street in almost any town across the country. —F. L. S.

*—From "The Doubling Rod."*

# Art and Science

(*Continued from page* 16)

day books and plays. I think typically of a play on Broadway this last season, a brilliant play, unforgettable in its dramatic power, "Look Back in Anger." The people in that play are the people we see everywhere about us, frightened, tortured by self-doubt, furious with consternation, angry because there is no return to the valley. The play ends on that desperate longing, impossible to fulfil. Let us return, it says, let us return to the animal life, where we need not think, where we can hide ourselves in the simple craving for food and shelter and sex. Brilliant as the play is, notable in writing and performance, it is a regression, a turning back, false in its premise, because there is no positive turning back. There is only death if we dare not live. Therefore this play is not, I believe, true art, nor is it the work of a true artist.

For it is not enough today for the artist to have the fine tool of a perfected technique. He must have something to express that is worthy of the tool. True art is a *whole,* to be judged not only by the *how,* but also by the *what.* There is an eternal burden upon the artist. The inarticulate human being, who has not the means of spreading the darkness of his private moods beyond the vicinity of his own person, has no such responsibility as the artist, especially in such times as these in which we live. For the artist is articulate. His articulateness is at once his tool and his power. His personal private fears, his neuroticisms, his phobias, his defeats, his weaknesses, can, through his books and plays and even through his music, be spread to millions of other people, and feeding into their private terrors and weaknesses, multiply them to the degree where they affect the whole life of the globe.

Is this responsibility to be borne? It must be faced by every true artist. For when people discover that they have been misled by their artists, who are their interpreters of life, how great will be their anger! This anger may take dangerous forms of censorship and suppression and loss of liberty far beyond the artist himself. Censorship and suppression are not primarily the results of tyranny, as we so easily suppose. There are revenge or at best defense, the means whereby cheated and angry people try to protect themselves against fraud from those whom they have trusted, their artists and their prophets, those

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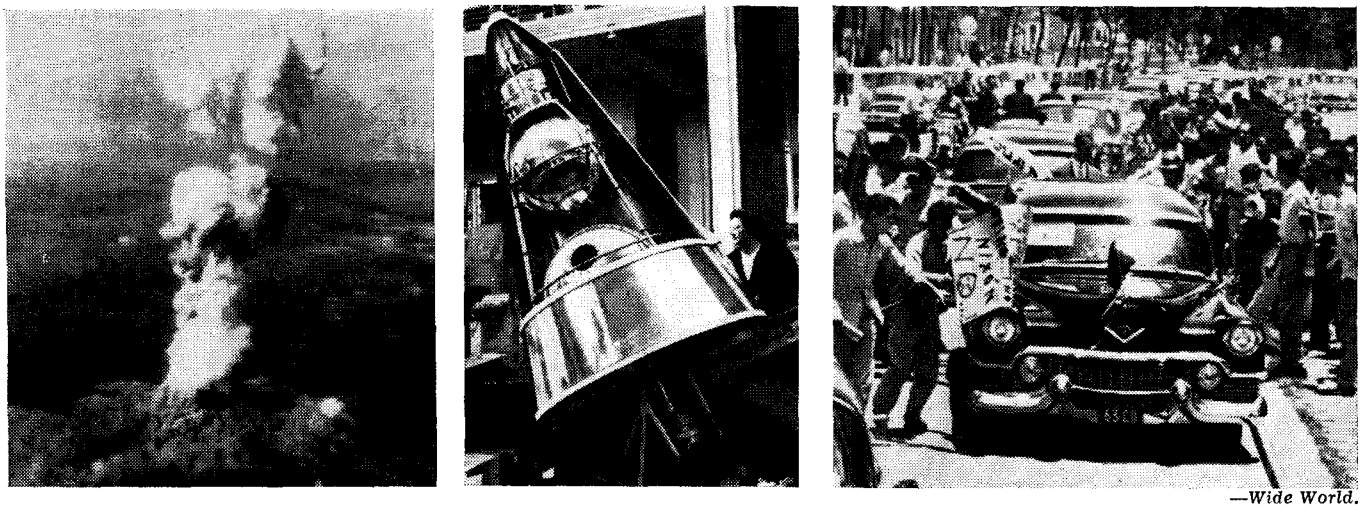

—Wide World.

**Left to right: Hiroshima, 1945; Russia's Sputnik, displayed in their Pavilion at Brussels Fair; Vice President Nixon's motorcade in Caracas, Venezuela—"... three great shocks of awakening."**

who know, or are supposed to know. How shall the artist deliver himself then, how assume the responsibility of his art?

Well, in the first place, he must not base his premise upon himself. He must not assume that he is typical of mankind. He is the product of certain genes, and probably not at all the genes he would have chosen, had he been given the power of choice. He, too, must face the duality of life, the limitations upon him, too, within which chance and therefore freedom may work. For this is the significant essential in the new physics, this is what has changed the universe for us all. Let us here express it again through the principle of uncertainty in quantum physics. Stated by Heisenberg as early as 1927, he said, in effect, that there is an element of indeterminacy in the universe of an atom which cannot be explained or measured or estimated. While certain elements respond to known laws, others seem to move freely and by chance. They are unpredictable. Thus a physicist can define the behavior of electrons if he deals with great numbers of them. But he cannot predict the *individual* electron by any means now known, for the very means he uses to observe its behavior changes its course. This, as scientists have said, "shakes the two pillars of old science, causality and determination . . . and is a new argument for the existence of free will. For if physical events are indeterminate and the future is unpredictable, then perhaps the unknown quantity called 'mind' may yet guide man's destiny among the infinite uncertainties of a capricious universe." (A quotation from Lincoln Barnett's "The Universe and Dr. Einstein.")

Therefore the artist must not allow himself to be influenced by his private personality and inheritance, nor must he be influenced by common moods, inevitable in such times as these. Because others are frightened, he must not permit himself the luxury of fear, or depression, or despair. He must stand alone as artists have always stood alone, he must search as artists have always searched, for the true philosophy of the unified field, the elements of life and growth wherein are contained unquenchable hope. He must continually affirm his faith in the unquenchable hope, the premise of faith in humanity itself. Let us remember that the human race has always met new horizons with preliminary fear. It is the province of the artist to step out of fear so that others may follow him into the widening universe.

What reason have we for hope? Or even for faith? The reasoning mind is as keenly sensitive in the artist as in the scientist. He is not a child. He does not believe because he wishes to believe. He must believe because he knows.

Where shall he gain his knowledge? Well, he has in the first place his premise. As an artist I distinguish very clearly between premise and thesis. I try to base my own work on the premise that science has established, the premise common to all living matter and energy, of change and growth. The only enemies to human individuals are ignorance and poverty and these enemies can be easily overcome if we recognize them as common enemies of all mankind. *How* these enemies are to be overcome the artist cannot make into a thesis. There are many ways of overcoming common enemies and let us use all methods. Arthur Compton said to me only the other day:

"The forces of nuclear energy must develop in a healthy fashion for the benefit of mankind and not for its destruction. The nations must agree upon a common objective. It is no longer safe for any one nation to put its own interest above those of any other. Martin Luther King of Montgomery, Alabama, in speaking of his own people, quoted the words of Nasser of Egypt. 'We are ready to sacrifice our economic future but we insist upon being recognized as human beings.' Our objective, therefore," Arthur Compton concluded, "can only be the development of all men and women. Let us determine that we will do all in our power to help every human being grow to his or her full stature, that we will help every other nation to do the same, that we will join with every other nation in adhering to this policy, allowing at the same time full freedom to other nations to follow their own *methods,* however different from our own. The test of which is best is simply the welfare of the people."

The premise, then, is here. The emphasis is on life and not on death. All that contributes to life is the material of the artist. Death is to look back. Life is to accept and even to welcome this high and limitless ground upon which we stand, this wonderful new place, this tremendous future, which we must enjoy, which we can enjoy, if we do not fear.

It is the responsibility of the artist as writer to use the findings of scientists and to illuminate them in plays and novels and stories in order that human beings will no longer be afraid. For the universe the scientist is discovering for us compels us not to despair but to the wildest optimism. I use the word *wild* with prudence and consideration for no dreamer could dream greater or more fantastic dreams than we now accept as probabilities that lie ahead. The artist is false to truth when he continues to portray the regressions of those who are ignorant of the truths

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which science is revealing to us. And the artist above all must not be ignorant—else he betrays his own being.

What has the artist to help him fulfill his art? For he, too, is only human. He is as liable as others are to his private moods, to his humors and his illnesses. He is, moreover, abnormally sensitive and the more liable, perhaps, to unbalance. How much we have been compelled to suffer through the insecurities of artists, their bouts with psychiatrists and doctors, their habits of drunkenness and drug addiction! I can only say that the artist, if he is mature, is also disciplined. That is, he applies to his own being the sense of form so essential to art, complete and pure. Until he is disciplined he is not worthy of his own talent. Yet he is human and he must find comfort as well as confidence. So where can the artist find this comfort?

We have had three great shocks of awakening. The first was the creation and use of the atomic bomb. The awakening here was a moral one. We did not know until the atomic bomb was made and dropped that we were capable of such power and such cruelty. While it has been established, I believe, that the use of the bomb was necessary, given the circumstances, nevertheless human beings were responsible for the circumstances, especially human beings historically Christian by religion and humane and reverent by tradition toward the individual. Yet *we* dropped the bomb. It has become an incident now, but the effects of this act will never fade entirely away. In a few minutes of a certain day we were revealed to ourselves as people capable of terrifying power and of resolute ruthlessness. This is a combination properly feared by all peoples. We are not only distrusted by others, we distrust ourselves.

The next awakening was the appearance of the sputnik. The awakening here was intellectual. What—we, the most intelligent, the most advanced in science, the most developed in technology, to be surpassed by a nation governed by a handful of sons of peasants? The revelation was almost more of a shock to us than the atomic bomb itself. Its effects will be revolutionary upon our culture. We shall have to take much watchful care to see that this revolution does not destroy the basic principles of democracy upon which our republic is founded.

The third awakening is still more recent. It came when the Vice President of our nation went on a so-called mission of goodwill to South America and was shown anything but goodwill by a shockingly large proportion of the peoples of some countries there. Mr. Nixon himself has very wisely warned us against carelessly calling these attacks Communist-inspired. He says that they came about as a result of far deeper discontents than Communists have been able to arouse. The awakening among our people is emotional in its effect. We are deeply wounded. Why should we not be liked by these, our nearest neighbors? In all innocence we ask ourselves what have we done? Have we not helped all these peoples with money and gifts? Well, let us remember that ignorance cannot be called innocence, and retreat into self-pity is retreat into the no longer existing valley of the past. We must indeed revise our policies, not only political, but social and ethical.

The value to the artist in all this is that today he has peoples, awakened and waiting, as his material. It is his responsibility to explain them, basing his explanation upon his sacred premise. The thesis will then be theirs to shape.

I cannot conclude these remarks without giving a moment's thought to Asia, whose lands and peoples nurtured my youth and childhood and among whom I reached my own maturity. The effects of the new physics upon us is revolutionary enough but the effects upon the peoples of Asia will be a total change in culture. We of the West are accustomed to the scientific approach and to the concept of truth based upon the experience of material fact rather than upon philosophy. Exactly the reverse is true in Asia. There facts have little or nothing to do with truth. For the Asian, truth is contained in philosophy and ethic.

Yet the peoples of Asia have something valid and profound to contribute to the unified field of human relations. There *is* truth in philosophy and in ethic, profound spiritual truth, especially when, as they have in Asia, they evolve out of long experience in the subtleties of human psychology and relationships. The premise of the artist must include mankind and include it whole.

The artist and the scientist have much in common. They are profoundly interdependent. They share the creative mind, the irresistible undying need to explore and to know. Perhaps the artist goes one step further. For him the need is also to understand, and understanding, to explain mankind, even to itself.

# The Smooth Maroon Horse-Chestnut

By Norma Farber

THIS is the smooth maroon horse-chestnut that fell
in the dusty gutter.

This is the hand that upheld
the smooth maroon horse-chestnut that fell
in the dusty gutter.

This is the eye that beheld
the hand that upheld
the smooth maroon horse-chestnut that fell
in the dusty gutter.

This is the mouth that spelled
what the eye beheld
in the hand that upheld
the smooth maroon horse-chestnut that fell
in the dusty gutter.

This is the heart that welled
in the mouth as it spelled
what the eye beheld
in the hand that upheld
the smooth maroon horse-chestnut that fell
in the dusty gutter.

This is delight telling
the heart to well
in the mouth as it spells
what the eye beheld
in the hand that upheld
the smooth maroon horse-chestnut that fell
in the dusty gutter.

Beauty, the seed, has compelled
delight to be telling
the heart to well up
in the mouth as it spells
what the eye beheld
in the hand that upheld
the smooth maroon horse-chestnut that fell
in the dusty gutter.

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# Fourth Horseman

*Continued from page 17*

synonym for pestilence. They use the terms plague over sixty times, and t is apparently distinguished from pestilence by association with *specific* evils. For example, it is used thirty-eight times in connection with leprosy; at other points, it refers to other specific evils, such as the plagues inflicted on the Egyptians of rats, mice, frogs, locusts, and flies. And the term plague is apparently also used for a state of mind. It might be argued that in a few instances it is implied by the writers of the Old Testament as "widespread disease," but in general the connotations given the two words seem to confirm that plague was *not* a synonym for pestilence.

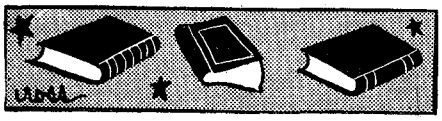
If we come down to a later period and examine the field of art, there are two especially great representations of the Four Horsemen; the one a wood cut by Albrecht Durer done 460 years ago; the other a painting by Palma Il Giovane of over 300 years ago. If we look over the dreadful visages of their horsemen and the symbols of their activities, they give no indication that *Pestilence* was one of them. The red horseman brandishes a "great sword," the symbol of conflict rather than of illness or disease.

From all this inquiry we conclude that the name *Pestilence* for the other horseman vanishes.

However, if we examine St. John's description of the red horseman (B) who had large powers "to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another: and there was given unto him a great sword," we may find a clue to the real name of this remaining horseman. We believe St. John, who is so clear as to the other three, and so completely avoids the term pestilence, had some other idea in mind. Our belief is that he was trying to express for the other horseman the name which we know in modern times as *Revolution*. Revolution can of course be good or bad, but St. John's horseman had no good purpose.

We do not allow our imaginations to extend to the idea that St. John was prophesying Communism, even though one is tempted partly because the prophetic statement that power was given to the horseman "to take peace from the world."

We conclude firmly that the names f the Four Horsemen were *War, Death, Famine,* and *Revolution.*

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1278

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| . Moslem lawyer, president of All-India Moslem League (1876-1948). | 129 94 151 162 118 154 |
| B. Language of several states in northern part of Bombay Presidency. | 167 148 142 126 93 158 43 170 |
| C. Married name of popular writer Sophie Kerr. | 67 165 92 121 135 177 158 124 114 |
| D. Sleeping wear (which, semantically, ought to mean formal attire as well). | 189 9 152 196 156 122 185 4 78 180 |
| E. Lachrymatory (2 wds.). | 91 116 31 5 186 75 123 171 48 206 |
| F. Sudden pull; hobble or limp. | 178 144 23 205 85 |
| G. State of being full of eggs. | 59 19 163 79 11 104 56 37 |
| H. Titian-haired heroine of George Eliot. | 14 81 125 70 47 28 |
| I. Huger. | 192 62 172 141 41 36 146 109 |
| J. Roundworm. | 181 21 3 46 127 176 73 113 |
| K. Strongly built sailboat equipped with runners for ice travel; nickname for Phil Rizzuto. | 198 145 2 42 195 187 32 |
| .. Uneasiness; absence of repose. | 34 95 190 107 150 51 169 130 87 72 |
| M. A poltroon; an arrant coward. | 120 10 174 193 199 82 13 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| N. Person with normally refractive vision. | 182 71 117 99 80 55 128 30 25 |
| O. *Cutting tool with blade hooked at end for marking wood or metal (2 wds.).* | 20 26 132 184 17 139 111 53 40 |
| P. To flog. | 191 106 153 161 65 18 49 35 |
| Q. One adept at exhibiting things to advantage. | 12 105 134 97 200 44 204 |
| R. The Irish Marseillaise (3 wds.; Benét "Reader's Encyc."). | 202 50 164 89 112 64 119 76 38 140 98 74 |
| S. Holder for bottles of writing fluid. | 131 103 96 8 33 138 100 166 |
| T. Scholarly, with perhaps undue emphasis on the formal in education. | 61 66 179 24 155 101 203 175 |
| U. Colloq. vernacular for necked, smooched, etc. (not in Webster). | 69 84 157 7 15 194 115 |
| V. At liberty but under forfeit to the law (3 wds.). | 173 143 45 88 16 58 108 54 27 |
| W. Those who minister to disease of any sort; holders of certain academic degrees | 147 136 60 160 86 110 1 |
| X. A damper winding, in electrical things. | 22 39 90 137 29 77 68 159 133 6 102 |
| Y. Last night, not too late. | 52 63 83 57 188 149 201 183 197 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 W | 2 K | 3 J | 4 D | | 5 E | 6 X | 7 U | 8 S | 9 D | 10 M | 11 G | 12 Q | | 13 M | 14 H | 15 U | 16 V |
| 17 O | | 18 P | | 19 G | 20 O | 21 J | 22 X | 23 F | | 24 T | 25 N | 26 O | 27 V | | 28 H | 29 X | |
| 30 N | 31 E | 32 K | 33 S | 34 L | 35 P | 36 I | | 37 G | 38 R | 39 X | 40 O | | 41 I | 42 K | 43 B | | 44 Q |
| 45 V | | 46 J | 47 H | 48 E | | 49 P | 50 R | 51 L | 52 Y | | 53 O | 54 V | 55 N | 56 G | 57 Y | | 58 V |
| 59 G | 60 W | 61 T | 62 I | 63 Y | | 64 R | 65 P | 66 T | 67 C | 68 X | 69 U | 70 H | 71 N | 72 L | 73 J | | 74 R |
| 75 E | | 76 R | 77 X | 78 D | 79 G | 80 N | 81 H | 82 M | 83 Y | | 84 U | 85 F | 86 W | | 87 L | 88 V | |
| 89 R | 90 X | 91 E | | 92 C | 93 B | 94 A | 95 L | 96 S | | 97 Q | 98 R | 99 N | 100 S | | 101 T | 102 X | |
| 103 S | 104 G | 105 Q | 106 P | 107 L | | 108 V | 109 I | 110 W | 111 O | 112 R | 113 J | 114 C | | 115 U | 116 E | 117 N | 118 A |
| 119 R | 120 M | 121 C | 122 D | | 123 E | 124 C | 125 H | 126 B | 127 J | 128 N | | 129 A | 130 L | 131 S | 132 O | 133 X | |
| 134 Q | 135 C | | 136 W | 137 X | 138 S | 139 O | 140 R | 141 I | | 142 B | 143 V | 144 F | 145 K | 146 I | | 147 W | 148 B |
| 149 Y | 150 L | 151 A | 152 D | | 153 P | 154 A | 155 T | | 156 D | 157 U | 158 B | 159 X | 160 W | 161 P | 162 A | 163 G | |
| 164 R | 165 C | 166 S | | 167 B | 168 C | 169 L | | 170 B | 171 E | | 172 I | 173 V | 174 M | 175 T | 176 J | 177 C | |
| 178 F | 179 T | 180 D | | 181 J | 182 N | 183 Y | 184 O | 185 D | | 186 E | 187 K | 188 Y | 189 D | | 190 L | 191 P | 192 I |
| 193 M | 194 U | | 195 K | 196 D | 197 Y | | 198 K | 199 M | 200 Q | 201 Y | | 202 R | 203 T | 204 Q | 205 F | 206 E | |

**Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.**



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